

THE SATURDAY

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EVENING POST.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1857.

Original Novel.

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;

A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

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by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the Dis-
trict Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER I. THE GRAVE.

"Chip, Chip—I say, come here, Chip."

An Indian woman, tall and gray, sat on a wooden bench in the midst of a narrow clearing. The ground beneath her feet was covered with the soft, mossy carpet of a forest floor. She was looking towards a small, dark opening in the trees, where a stream of light fell upon a pile of stones. The woman's face was lined with age, but her eyes were bright and alert. She had a long, dark braid hanging down her back, and her hands were wrinkled and strong. She was dressed in a simple, dark dress, and her feet were clad in moccasins. The clearing was surrounded by tall, slender trees, their leaves rustling in the breeze. The air was cool and fresh, with a hint of the autumn season. The woman's expression was one of concern and anticipation as she waited for the child to appear.

"Chip, Chip, I say," she cried again, suspending her work and bending towards the opening of the cave, "come here, child—better come quick."

By this time, a child, with a face of unearthly beauty, bleached by the absence of sun and air, appeared at the aperture. Her neck was of a pearly whiteness, and her hair was of a silvery gray. She looked like a statue, and her features were so perfectly formed that they seemed to be the work of a divine hand. The woman's eyes were fixed upon the child, and her heart was filled with a mixture of awe and joy. She reached out her hand, and the child stepped forward, her feet making no sound upon the mossy ground.

"Come here and see what I'm making!" said the woman, and the child drew near; "do you see? It's a tombstone."

"A tombstone," repeated the child, mechanically, "but it's not a tombstone."

"Yes, a tombstone, and, you poor little fool, you could read, you'd see your own name upon it!"

The child gave a most unchildish sigh, and looked steadily at the old woman, though the latter was that of the old woman, though the latter was that of the old woman, though the latter was that of the old woman.

"Now," said the old woman, gaily, "I'm going to make believe you are dead and buried. I'm going to put you in that hole, see?"

She pointed to a cavity she had made, and the child stepped forward, her feet making no sound upon the mossy ground. The woman's expression was one of solemnity as she watched the child disappear into the hole.

"I'll be thankful then if I don't get such a look as you," responded the girl, saucily, jerking the heavy kettle to the centre of the crane, the water splashing out and sending little jets of steam in her face.

"Whoa!" cried the teamster, "the bit chafes."

"Does it?" replied Mastina, innocently, turning about, "let me see your tongue, and if it's blistered, I'll put a plaster on it."

"Ho, ho, ha, ha!" rang out from the coarse company. The teamster's face grew red, and he took his pipe angrily from his mouth, when the parrot-monk struck him on the knee, saying, "look here, man, save your wit; she's one too many for you; you'll get worsted if you try it with Mastina's here; we've all given her up, long ago; she's got the vocabulary, as the parson says, on her tongue's end; so hush, man—take your lashing quietly."

Meanwhile, Mastina worked away, raking the glowing coals to the centre of the hearth, heaping them to the great ash-log. "Here, Nick," she cried to the boy, who was busy at the table, "bring me the split bread out of the pantry."

The boy came hurrying along with a heaping tray full. Mastina inserted one of the thick wheat-alices in the aperture of the fork, saying, as she turned away, "Here, you man that got bit so badly, see that toast doesn't brown too much," and giving him a laughing, roguish glance out of her bright eyes, she left the circle, saying, "now I've given you a bit of my tongue, I'll give you another kind of tongue for supper, something that'll be neater."

Again the men laughed out, and Mastina flew now in, now out of the circle at the fire, her ready wit showing on all sides, her stout, short arms flashing about like the crimson wings of an industrious flamingo. The table was soon set with substantial fare, and Nick had gone back to his old position. At the ringing of the bell for supper, two persons came from the little parlor—a young, slender youth, and a stout, portly Quaker fellow, yet strangers to each other. The latter had his long locks combed smoothly behind his ears, where they rested on the straight collar of his Quaker coat. His nobility of character, integrity of heart, and great resolution combined with a singular simplicity that was almost child-like, were ever delineated by one feature of the human face divine, they were mapped out by the broad, yet not prominent brow of the Quaker preacher. He was in reality an embodiment of his profession, plain, stern, quiet—yet his gravity was tempered with a sweet smile, and his voice was exceedingly beautiful.

Still fell the rain in torrents, and blew the wind with a tempest violence, but, just as the travellers had seated themselves at the table, there came a lull, and a soft, sweet sound like a lute, or a rich organ-note, was heard outside the old inn. The men looked at one another, and Mastina, with whom the sound appeared to be familiar, laughed a little, exclaiming, "She's out earlier than usual to-night."

"What does she mean?" asked the stripling, curiously, of an old farmer who sat near him.

"Why, the cave-child," replied the parrot-monk, helping himself enormously to dipped toast; "you see there's a mighty thick wood about two miles from here, sayhap you saw it coming along."

"Yes, I remember, a dismal-looking, swampy place it seemed to be, too, filled with scraggy undergrowth," replied the other, thoughtfully. "And wasn't it there, or coming from that direction we saw that tall, dark woman?" he queried, turning to the Quaker.

"Yes, my friend," replied the preacher.

"Oh! did you see old mother Kurstegan?" asked Mastina, pausing in the act of filling a cup with coffee; "then, had luck, she'll be here to-night, begging; I wish she'd keep away."

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"Aye, but we'll have rare fun with her though—she'll tell all our fortunes, and give us plenty to think about for the next six months," exclaimed the teamster.

"Does she think that any but God can know the future, young man?" asked the Quaker, sternly.

The farmer stared, open mouthed, at this rebuke, but said nothing. The youth who had before spoken, pondered upon the mystery that had been hinted at by the man with the parrot nose. He was of that age when romance throws its weird spell over the imagination; when trees have tongues as well as brooks and stones, and every emerald blade of every running river is peopled with fairy-folk. With running elfish intelligence in his eyes, the parish castaway, Nick, as he sat in his accustomed place, looked up at the handsome but neglected face, whenever mother Kurstegan was mentioned—and then, after a low chuckle, he seemed to sleep again.

CHAPTER III.

THE STRANGER.

"But what do they mean by the cave-child?" asked the young man, Park Dinsmore, turning to the Quaker preacher.

"It is my opinion that they know not themselves," replied the Quaker; "a child was stolen ten years ago from the city of Philadelphia, and died, they say, among these hills; some report that this Indian woman hath made away with her."

"Yes," said a stout Pennsylvania teamster, prefacing his speech with a nasal "hem," "you see in this country there's a powerful lot of wild land and Methodists. Just two miles south of this there's a big swamp extending over a big lot of country, running, I think it is, just two miles."

"I've heard of running water, but I never heard of a running swamp," put in Mastina, gravely.

"Oh! you jest hush, gal, I reckon I kin tell my own story," replied the teamster.

"We all know you're a story-teller," retorted the girl, "that's the reason people find it so hard to believe what you say—but don't mind my jerking you off, what did the swamp do after running its two miles?"

While the farmers were laughing at this sally, and at the disconcerted looks of the teamster, a cold, damp wind swept through the room, and the cheery voice of the little landlord was heard vociferating,

"Walk in, sir, walk right in; an awful night, yes, that you may say, sir—warm fire here, though, first-rate accommodations for man, not to say beast," cried the fat little landlord, rubbing his hands as he ushered in a tall, splendid figure wrapped in a heavy cloak; and with a great deal more noise and pomp than was agreeable to his plainer guests, and a great deal more parade than was acceptable to the stranger, he placed a chair by the blazing hearth, and then dodged about him, rubbing his hands and bobbing his little bullet-head as he enumerated the delicacies and comforts of his hostelry.

"Have anything you'll be pleased to call for, sir, chicken, ham, tongue—sa'mon—there is pickled eels, there is corn beef—there is—Mastina, my good girl, what is there we have not got?" he asked, turning pompously, still rubbing his hands, towards the full table.

"We have't any boiled baby, sir," replied the girl readily, causing a tittering from one end of the table to the other.

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"What!" exclaimed the landlord, his little red eyes protruding, while the stranger, as he turned his head suddenly to see from whence came this quick reply, displayed a smile on a dark, singular face, irregular in feature, but still eminently handsome when not in repose.

"You asked me what we didn't have in the house, and I couldn't think of anything but a boiled baby, as we've got most everything else," replied Mastina, demurely.

"He, he, put to her wits you see, house is so full; everything but boiled baby—he, he. Have supper here, sir, or in a private room—warmer here, sir—take some time to get the child off, set you a separate table just here by the fire, sir."

"That will do," replied the stranger, in a low tone—"look here, landlord, have a good fire prepared, and my chamber well heated, for I shall want to retire soon; these chilling August storms coming before their time have given me an effectual shake," and he drew his cloak closer and shivered.

"Of course you'll have something hot right off," said the obsequious little landlord—"Nick, mix some hot brandy and water for this gentleman."

"No, no if you please; I never drink brandy; give me a little ginger in some hot water—that will do."

"You hear the gentleman, Nick?" as the boy turned to go, the stranger bent an inquiring gaze upon him.

"A poor-house boy, sir—took him out of Williamsport poor-house—a peart little fellow—when I lost my negro Sam; but since then, sir, I think he's a little gin out—don't seem so smart and handy—thinks too much—sets still like a stick or a stone, mostly—a strange young 'un, sir."

The traveller said nothing, but with a keen, almost painfully fixed glance, eyed the meagrely clad child now coming towards him with a little tray and a steam-covered tumbler. The boy was thin, and his clothes merely hung together. His complexion was dark, his features regular, with a softness of outline that blended well with the wavy uncured hair that hung over his gray eyes. He bore the stranger's glance with composure, even returned it with equal interest, and then fell back from the fire, as if it were an unaccustomed or forbidden indulgence to warm his poor limbs by such grateful embers. Meanwhile the stranger drank leisurely, pressing his pale lips together after he had drained the tumbler, and knitting his brows as if lost in painful reflection; and Nick receiving orders to make a fire in the large chamber, walked slowly away with the tray and empty tumbler. When the farmers and hearty yeomen had finished their supper, they drew up again to the fire, this time making a wide circle. For some moments, restraint, caused by the new presence, kept them silent, and the stranger's eyes, after scanning quickly the sun-browned faces, lingered with a longer glance upon the fair young face of Park Dinsmore. Finding that refinement in countenance, and grace in bearing, that made him wonder how he became mixed in with the rest. The Quaker preacher, not finding the company congenial, had gone to his own room.

the table, and with as careless an air and expression as he could assume, seated himself in the midst of the little company, just as the teamster was saying, "It's a mighty dismal place that part of the country, and there ain't but one pair of feet, I reckon, that knows the way to tramp to it."

Nick, who sat a little back in the gloom, looked up with a quick intelligence lighting his features, instinct with cunning, and making a rapid movement with his fingers, snapped them in the air.

"Who's them? why them's the feet of old Indian mother Kurstegan; hasn't she lived in the heart of that swamp for ten years? and didn't the child live there till she died?"

At this a deadly pallor settled over the stranger's face.

"What proof have you that the child died?" asked another.

"Why! old mother Kurstegan herself told me that she dug the grave with her own hands; besides, I've seen its ghost, which is always to be seen on moon nights—and the music—there! listen—always goes with it, storm or shine, when old mother Kurstegan is travelling. She's coming here to-night, I'll venture."

"But let's know about the child," said another, "the old man had crossed his knee, and, nursing one heavy foot with his great, brawny hand, was looking musingly into the fire."

"Well," returned the first speaker, "I've heard she was a love-child, and I've heard she was born on the high seas in a pirate vessel; and I've heard worst stories than either of these, but I'll tell you. Did any of you ever hear that old mother Kurstegan was the widdler of an English chap—a pretty high chap, too, in the English service?"

A general exclamation of surprise went round.

"Yes, she was that; for when she was an Injun-gal in the forest, this young chap was taken by the Injuns, and pined for to be shot or burned, and this young gal saved his life, consequence of which he carried her off to England, put her into school, gave her an education and married her. Well, I've heard he didn't treat her just right, and didn't leave nothing to her or the child when he died; so you see the old woman had a hanker to come over here to her old home, and she became an Injun doctress, and made a heap of money, so that she lived well, like folks, and had a house in Philadelphia, and gave her young daughter book-learning. Well, that child wa'n't but fourteen, but then she looked a regular woman grown, when there come along a handsome chap, (such chaps the devil allows to be handsome, I suppose,) and he persuades this gal to run off and pretend to get married; and then this gal goes back and begs her mother to forgive her. But it had crazed the old woman, along with her other troubles, and she cursed her, and struck her and drove her out of the house. Well, nothing more aint heard of her—hark!"—a soft strain like the sound of an Arabian harp, followed in the lull—"these ten years since."

The stranger, whose pallor had not abated but rather increased, turned his head uneasily and listened. It was a wild, sad, plaintive strain, and in connection with the rattling storm without, and the melancholy story within, sounded doubly impressive. It certainly was like the voice of a child—now plaintive, now almost joyful. The stranger shuddered and bit his white lip—but the rain poured again, the wind blew, the casements shook and the teamster went on with his story:

"The old woman she grew kind of crazed, as I said, and was so for a long time; I yet, I reckon. What became of the gal, her darter, I never knew; most likely she died, as such poor, unfortunates generally does; but our gentleman, I'd like to whale him with my last whip, got married to a beautiful young lady, they say, and in less than a year they had a little daughter. Well—here he cleared his throat, turned himself more squarely towards the fire, drew a long blue and yellow handkerchief from the breast-pocket of his shaggy brown jacket, applied it vigorously to his nose, shook himself like an overgrown dog, and glancing carelessly towards the stranger, resumed the story with an air of importance.

"Now you see, this mother Kurstegan wants to have her revenge. Who blames her? If a child is stolen, (for if her virtue be gone—what is left?) and the time comes for me to make 'em sting who wrongs me—who's to blame? It's true," he added, with an oracular shake of the head, "the good book says, leave all such things to Him who governs, but then He used to govern the people so they stoned to death them that did such things. But that ain't nothing here nor there; I ain't no

Mastina, who was not a servant, but a half sister of the landlord, quickly replaced the well-cleared table with finer linen and better fare, then drawing forward a seat she beckoned the stranger to partake, and poured out the tea, scanning his face with good-natured assurance.

"Now, I reckon you'll tell that story about the cave child," exclaimed one of the yeomen, lazily stretching his feet nearer the fire.

At this query the stranger betrayed a startled mien, dropping his spoon, and partly turning his head to listen with more intentness; but apparently controlling himself, he resumed his spoon, and with an abstracted manner discussed the viands placed before him, drank, or rather swallowed at a gulp his cup of tea, his hand trembling as he placed it back—and then complaining of diminished appetite, he arose from the table, and with as careless an air and expression as he could assume, seated himself in the midst of the little company, just as the teamster was saying, "It's a mighty dismal place that part of the country, and there ain't but one pair of feet, I reckon, that knows the way to tramp to it."

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Christian; I doesn't pretend to be a Christian in the sense I takes of such things, for my ideas, you see, is this."

"Your ideas!" echoed Mastina, who, as she came from another room with a large armful of wood, had caught the last words, "every body knows you ain't got but two—one is that you are your father's son, the other that you are the son of your father;" and laughing lightly, she threw stick after stick upon the fire, while her sturdy frame shone in a mist of crimson smoke delineated with the glowing sparks that faded as they shot up the black jimbos. The old teamster scratched his head; he could never reply to Mastina; his tongue was always glued by her smartness, and he did not relish the laugh that was raised at his expense.

The stranger still sat motionless, shading his forehead and eyes from the red heat; now he spoke abruptly, and his lips scarcely moved as he said,

"Finish your story, my friend, it has interested me."

"I was going on to say," resumed the teamster, with a deprecating look after the retreating figure of Mastina, "that the old woman watched her chance and stole a child. I don't know in course whose child she stole, but I can guess, and it's reasonable enough to reckon that it was one that would be mightily missed. She took it to some cave among the hills here—where, nobody knows; and how the little critter fared, the Lord only knows, for no human eye that I know of has seen the old fortune-teller's cave-but. It's my opinion, and I ain't alone, considering what a witch she is for telling things that come to pass, that the old one helps her, for I've tried more'n a dozen times, in a dozen different places, to keep my footing in that wet woods, and the mud is 'most waist deep, wherever I've been."

"This gentleman is sick," said the young man, Park Dinsmore, springing from his seat.

The stranger did indeed tremble from head to foot, but he controlled his great emotion, whatever had caused it, and moving his chair a little back, said,

"The heat is quite oppressive;" then added, faintly, and in a voice whose steadiness was assumed, "you say the child really died?"

"Some doubt it," exclaimed the parrot nose, eager for a share of the notice appropriated by his garrulous friend, "I doubt it; who's to tell? Old mother Kurstegan says so—but sometimes she says she's dead herself—there's no understanding her."

"Why have not the proper authorities seen into this matter?" demanded the stranger, sternly; "shame on you all, to let a poor innocent babe be murdered in the back-woods."

"Who do you expect would dare to go to the cave-but?" asked another; "and as to the authorities, they are as much afraid of old mother Kurstegan as they are of their old master, the devil. It's a black thing though, but, do you think it any worse to steal a child, than to deceive a woman?"

The question was directly put, but before the stranger's agitation would allow him to answer, some one said,

"Hark! there's old mother Kurstegan herself. Come storm, come witch—now, boys, for fun!"

A stamping and a shrill, sharp voice, like the rattle of a hoof and the yelp of a dog combined, were heard outside the door. The stranger arose, with a dignified manner, and beckoned Nick to show him to his room. It was not noticed how faltering were his steps, nor how haggard and white his face had grown; all were looking intensely for the appearance of the weird woman whose affairs had monopolized the evening's conversation.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STRANGER'S INTERVIEW WITH NICK.

The boy, with a flickering light in one hand, led the way through a low, entry, odoriferous of baked meats, up a steep, uncarpeted flight of stairs, along through a smaller passage, terminating in one still narrower that diverged to the right, and laying his hand on the latch, threw open the door. The cheery sound of a crackling wood fire, and its bright amber light playing along the whitewashed walls and white hangings of the high-post bedstead, gave the low ceiling room a home-like aspect, and though the windows rattled, and the rain spent its mimic musketry against the glass-panes, the cheerful light and warmth seemed doubly welcome and pleasant by contrast.

"This will do," murmured the stranger, surveying the matted floor, the wide fire-place, the quaint old chairs, and barbarous ornaments of cracked and broken china; "set down the lamp, boy, and hold this portmanteau, while I unlock it."

Nick did as he was told, looking wonderingly into the stranger's face while he performed the office required. The latter stood, his cloak half swaying from his stately figure, gazing absently at him; but as if suddenly recollecting himself, he put the key to the lock, opened it, threw down the portmanteau, and commenced again the study of the boy's features.

"What is your name?" he asked at length, folding his arms over his chest.

"Nick, sir," said the boy, humbly.

"Well, and what else?"

"Nick Poor-house, they call me sometimes, sir; I has no other name."

"How old are you, Nick?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Where were you born?"

"I don't know, sir; I wasn't there," replied the boy, innocently; "I guess nobody don't know; cause they say I was left there in a basket."

"Left where?"

"In the parish work-house, sir; that's where the master took me from."

The latch clicked sharply, and in came the fat, little host, with towels over his arms—shoe-brushes in his hands—while behind him moved the bustling figure of Mastina, bearing her portion as the weaker vessel, in the likeness of a great wooden pail full of water; and as the door closed upon them, a roar of wild laughter swelled up from the kitchen.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

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NELLY. New Carlisle. Respectfully declined. We think you will find it difficult to get compensation for your articles.

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In other words, we took a recess, made up a party, and went to see the great war-steamer—the Minnesota—which is to carry Mr. Wm. B. Reed, our new Minister to China, to the distant shores of Cathay.

It was a gay gang of geeks, philosophers and friends that visited the deck that costly vessel that day. Central among them, stood that majestic personage with whom the people have so intimate and mysterious a connection, who is strange to their eyes but familiar to their minds, as they read each week's paper—the Editor of the Post! A mild and venerable sage—the silver beard descending to his feet—the lines of thought and life upon his revered visage—his deep eye laughter-stirred with merriment of kindly pride—and a broad-brimmed Panama hat shading his capacious brow—so stood he, like Ligardeo of the Snowy Beard in the Spanish story,

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The tropical heat lay torridly in the Navy Yard, drawing up dense and pungent aromas of dry wood, of pitch and tar, and other balsamic smells. From those odors we sailed away from the weltering waters of the Delaware, our hearts keeping time to the regular roll of the oars in the rowlocks, till at last we saw "a great ship lift its shining sides." Dark-bellied, three-masted, beautiful, wonderful, with all her intricate fairy tracery of rigging, and her yards and spars, and huge central cylinder, boldly outlined against the soft, sunlit sky and clouds—there loomed the large Minnesota. She lay motionless, but swarming with life, in the broad, sultry, basking, wetting waters, with the soft and liberal sunshine all around her, and the great dome and ample circle of the sky about and above, and we felt that this great mass of naval architecture was part of the scene—harmonious with the water and the air. She was a wonder to behold—how much more so when her ponderous bulk is rushing through and crushing down the roaring brine, with the clank and snort of engines, and a plume of smoke trailing from the great funnel over the seething wave of livid foam that stretches away from her stern, and is pushed proudly from her bowing bows! Or think of her with all her canvas spread and bellying to the streaming wind, moving with a majestic motion, and tearing up the blue, undulating ocean into mowfry and spume, as she goes! This is the built of the nineteenth century. The ancients built statues that only wanted speech, and temples that were silent forms of prayer. We build ships, triumphant and tremendous, that move with the pace of victory over the heaving deep, and are beautiful as the antique statues or the fane. Perhaps more beautiful; for what can compare, we sometimes ask, with the large, towering, august form of the stately and shapely vessel, as she moves with all her canvas spread aloft and aloof—moves through the blowing and shining day, or through the great sacred night of stars, in light, in darkness, or in storms—moves like an Amazonian goddess, calm and gigantic, over the everlasting sea!

On the deck of the Minnesota, were new wonders. Viewed internally these great vessels are as marvellous as they are externally. But description is useless. In our limited space, we could hardly give an account of that interior. Perhaps, too, no words could make our distant readers realize the immense size and solidity of the great ship. The broad deck stretching away from stem to stern, flanked on either side by the heavy bulwarks and the rows of black cannon, and overshadowed with the great, towering mass of spars and cordage; the swarms of men—officers in their uniform, with swords and epaulettes, and sailors, some booted, and some barefooted, clad in blue woollen shirts, and loose trousers—picturesque and stalwart figures, with muscular arms, and bronzed and weather-seamed faces, decorated with various odd styles of whiskers—their manners and movements free, graphic and nonchalant; these, and the other features of the novel spectacle are hardly to be conveyed adequately by words. An indescribable mingled sense of order, neatness, intricacy, busy movement and discipline, pervades the mind on the deck of the man-of-war man. Over all prevails another and a clearer sense of power, sharpened and strengthened by the military gleam of the arms, the silent menace of the black cannon, the martial port of the officers, the careless muscular figures of the men, and the colors of the bunting dancing and rippling from the truck. The war-vessel is one of the palpable assurances that America is a power upon earth, and the sight of this white-headed old Commodore who visits the Minnesota while we gaze—he who looked through the aerial powder-cloud from the deck of Old Ironsides while the Guerriere was crashing and breaking like glass amidst the roar of his guns—this sight, we say, makes that assurance doubly sure.

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This stupendous and splendid vessel cost the round little sum of between eight and nine hundred thousand dollars. Two guns, enormous in themselves, and in the complexity and bulk of the machinery by which they were managed, were on the deck. Each of these cost nine thousand dollars. Does the sense of the magnitude of these sums, help you to arrive at a sense of the magnitude of the Minnesota? Six hundred men throng her decks as she rides the sea. The hum and bustle of her life invade the silence of the central ocean. They are members of an isolated, moving commonwealth—perhaps, a kingdom—governed by peculiar laws, divided into regular grades, ordered by an inflexible discipline. Their ship is a floating system, and its relation to the system that prevails on shore is not in similarity.

Admirable as was the ship, we saw nothing while on board so admirable as the men—nothing so well worth looking at. The convention and the routine of the streets dropped from us as we gazed, and we felt that nothing in art or mechanism can so please and satisfy the mind as a genuine human being. Nothing about this splendid vessel was so curious and interesting as the old sailor, with bare feet and grotesquely curled whiskers, who sat astride a crate, adding up a row of figures on a sheet of paper. The ship, when seen, was seen; but what amount of observation could exhaust the variable aspect of the man, or arrive at the heart of his mystery? Endless, too, was the interest one felt in the picturesque, genuine, unstudied, unaffected garb and manners of the seamen. Etiquette and the parlor had not spoiled them. Their roughness and rudeness of life and speech were better than the conventional tameness and timidity, the pallid decency and bloodless decorum that we acquire in cities. Ground in this social mill, as Tonyson has it, we rub each other's angles down—

"And merge in social form and gloss," "The picturesque in man and man."

It is different in the robust and freer scenes of life. Sailors, backwoodsmen, farmers, scribes, mechanics, and such people, satisfy the eye and the soul. The loftiest gentleman is admirable to us for the qualities he has in common with them—for nothing that society and education gave him—only for his inherent manhood, which is also theirs. Thus far in life, we have found our chiefest satisfaction in the common people; and it was with them that the Redeemer—whom the old poet, Thomas Dekker, so quaintly and so beautifully calls "the truest gentleman that ever breathed"—it was with them that He chiefly chose to abide. Not among the "gentlemanly" Pharisees or the erudite Scribes, but among the unlettered fishermen—the coast sailors of Galilee—and the publicans and sinners of Jerusalem, He found his society. He found there what education and social life too often diminish or destroy—manhood and womanhood. Nothing is so beautiful, so interesting, so satisfying as these. Arts, acquisitions, arguments, pall upon our sense, and tire us. Manhood and womanhood never tire us. Character never makes us weary. We walk up and down the main street of this great city at promenade hour, when the street is gay with fashion and respectability; but how few figures we meet are as grateful to the eye as the sailors we saw on board the Minnesota—as the men and women we meet on the wharves, in the obscure quarters of the city, on the country roads, in farmhouses and rural places everywhere!

THE NEW CENT. Our venerated Uncle Samuel has been for some time understood to have had his wits at work at the making of a new nickel cent, intended to take the place of the cumbersome and clumsy copper coin that has hitherto worn out our patience and our pockets, and formed, so to speak, our connecting link with that old Greek time when Lycurgus had all the money made of iron. Sooth to say, our Uncle Samuel's cent, now that it has at last appeared, does not do him so much credit as it might. It is, to be sure, a great practical improvement on the old coin, inasmuch as it is light in weight and convenient in size. Neither do we make a sharp point of the fact that it feels and sounds so unlike metal, that we cannot give it in change without a haunting sense that we have given a button—a consideration which may affect future Sunday droppings in the contribution box. Caesar's wife, said the dictator, must not only be virtuous, but must also seem virtuous; and in like manner we say that people may feel that their contributions to that box must not only be coin, but must also seem to be coin. The cents they minutely drop must sound like money, and the light, buttony *thud* of this delusive nickel will never satisfy their ears, nor make them feel that they have benefitted either parish or pagans. Their charity must ring like sounding brass or tinkling cymbal, and the consequence of this new complexion of the customary current coin they whomever gave, may be to force them to give silver where they gave copper before. Lightly we reek of this, however; and all the criticisms we might make on this new cent, melt from our mind, and leave nothing but an accusation against the device that appears upon its surface. On the one side we have the inscription "one cent," surrounded by a nondescript wreath of various unknown vegetables, the names and qualities of which have excited the curiosity of the quid nuncs—those ferocious radicals who continually want to know, you know—and reduced the keenest intellects to despair. What plants are represented in this curious garland, must forever be a theme for inquiry and speculation. The use of language, said Tully, is to conceal thought; and it is possible that this axiom was in the mind of the projector of the device on the new coin, at the time of its conception, and inspired him with the sublime and similar idea to so represent the vegetables in the wreath aforesaid, as to effectually keep from the curious public the knowledge of what vegetables were represented. If this *seus* his idea, we can only say that it has been crowned with the most complete success. The mystery may be safely declared impenetrable. But leaving the new coin's relations to the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, we come upon its caricature of the animal. On its opposite side we have the stamp of what seems to be a singular fowl, the nature of which, like that of the vegetables in the wreath, is as yet undiscovered and, consequently, unknown. All that is positively certain about it, is that it is a caricature, and various conjectures are afloat in the community as to what particular bird is intended by the travesty. Some say a phoenix, some a roc, others a flying griffin, others again, a double-headed dodo, and some, a boiled goose; while a few daring, speculative spirits suggest that our national eagle at the moment when, according to a popular tradition, "he spread his wings and soared, and soared"—may have been in the eye of the clever, but unprincipled, caricaturist who designed the coin. We need hardly say, however, that we consider this theory extremely improbable. Setting aside the fact that the unhappy fowl that presides over our destinies, and screams in silent blazon upon our national arms, has already had the ill-luck, in the various pictorial delineations of him, to be so maligned, misrepresented and deformed, as to have become the object of that sacred respect due to misfortune, and to have, therefore, secured an immunity from the attacks of caricaturists, hardly less inviolable than is enjoyed by the Father of the Country himself—(whom nobody has dared since the execution of the statue in the Capitol grounds at Washington, where he appears half-naked, with one arm uplified and extended towards the building in which his coat and breeches are preserved, as though he were pathetically imploring the restoration of those useful garments)—setting all this aside, we say, there remains the stubborn fact that the device in question bears no more resemblance to the eagle of our ornithological reminiscences than it does to a rhinoceros. Indeed, the more we examine it, the more we are inclined to interrogate the hypothesis that assumes it to be the parody of any bird whatever; though this doubt may be considered unjustifiable when we confess—as we frankly do, that we have not yet settled in our own mind, the position in which the coin ought to be viewed—the dubious character of the representation preventing us from deriving any as-

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This stupendous and splendid vessel cost the round little sum of between eight and nine hundred thousand dollars. Two guns, enormous in themselves, and in the complexity and bulk of the machinery by which they were managed, were on the deck. Each of these cost nine thousand dollars. Does the sense of the magnitude of these sums, help you to arrive at a sense of the magnitude of the Minnesota? Six hundred men throng her decks as she rides the sea. The hum and bustle of her life invade the silence of the central ocean. They are members of an isolated, moving commonwealth—perhaps, a kingdom—governed by peculiar laws, divided into regular grades, ordered by an inflexible discipline. Their ship is a floating system, and its relation to the system that prevails on shore is not in similarity.

Admirable as was the ship, we saw nothing while on board so admirable as the men—nothing so well worth looking at. The convention and the routine of the streets dropped from us as we gazed, and we felt that nothing in art or mechanism can so please and satisfy the mind as a genuine human being. Nothing about this splendid vessel was so curious and interesting as the old sailor, with bare feet and grotesquely curled whiskers, who sat astride a crate, adding up a row of figures on a sheet of paper. The ship, when seen, was seen; but what amount of observation could exhaust the variable aspect of the man, or arrive at the heart of his mystery? Endless, too, was the interest one felt in the picturesque, genuine, unstudied, unaffected garb and manners of the seamen. Etiquette and the parlor had not spoiled them. Their roughness and rudeness of life and speech were better than the conventional tameness and timidity, the pallid decency and bloodless decorum that we acquire in cities. Ground in this social mill, as Tonyson has it, we rub each other's angles down—

"And merge in social form and gloss," "The picturesque in man and man."

It is different in the robust and freer scenes of life. Sailors, backwoodsmen, farmers, scribes, mechanics, and such people, satisfy the eye and the soul. The loftiest gentleman is admirable to us for the qualities he has in common with them—for nothing that society and education gave him—only for his inherent manhood, which is also theirs. Thus far in life, we have found our chiefest satisfaction in the common people; and it was with them that the Redeemer—whom the old poet, Thomas Dekker, so quaintly and so beautifully calls "the truest gentleman that ever breathed"—it was with them that He chiefly chose to abide. Not among the "gentlemanly" Pharisees or the erudite Scribes, but among the unlettered fishermen—the coast sailors of Galilee—and the publicans and sinners of Jerusalem, He found his society. He found there what education and social life too often diminish or destroy—manhood and womanhood. Nothing is so beautiful, so interesting, so satisfying as these. Arts, acquisitions, arguments, pall upon our sense, and tire us. Manhood and womanhood never tire us. Character never makes us weary. We walk up and down the main street of this great city at promenade hour, when the street is gay with fashion and respectability; but how few figures we meet are as grateful to the eye as the sailors we saw on board the Minnesota—as the men and women we meet on the wharves, in the obscure quarters of the city, on the country roads, in farmhouses and rural places everywhere!

THE NEW CENT. Our venerated Uncle Samuel has been for some time understood to have had his wits at work at the making of a new nickel cent, intended to take the place of the cumbersome and clumsy copper coin that has hitherto worn out our patience and our pockets, and formed, so to speak, our connecting link with that old Greek time when Lycurgus had all the money made of iron. Sooth to say, our Uncle Samuel's cent, now that it has at last appeared, does not do him so much credit as it might. It is, to be sure, a great practical improvement on the old coin, inasmuch as it is light in weight and convenient in size. Neither do we make a sharp point of the fact that it feels and sounds so unlike metal, that we cannot give it in change without a haunting sense that we have given a button—a consideration which may affect future Sunday droppings in the contribution box. Caesar's wife, said the dictator, must not only be virtuous, but must also seem virtuous; and in like manner we say that people may feel that their contributions to that box must not only be coin, but must also seem to be coin. The cents they minutely drop must sound like money, and the light, buttony *thud* of this delusive nickel will never satisfy their ears, nor make them feel that they have benefitted either parish or pagans. Their charity must ring like sounding brass or tinkling cymbal, and the consequence of this new complexion of the customary current coin they whomever gave, may be to force them to give silver where they gave copper before. Lightly we reek of this, however; and all the criticisms we might make on this new cent, melt from our mind, and leave nothing but an accusation against the device that appears upon its surface. On the one side we have the inscription "one cent," surrounded by a nondescript wreath of various unknown vegetables, the names and qualities of which have excited the curiosity of the quid nuncs—those ferocious radicals who continually want to know, you know—and reduced the keenest intellects to despair. What plants are represented in this curious garland, must forever be a theme for inquiry and speculation. The use of language, said Tully, is to conceal thought; and it is possible that this axiom was in the mind of the projector of the device on the new coin, at the time of its conception, and inspired him with the sublime and similar idea to so represent the vegetables in the wreath aforesaid, as to effectually keep from the curious public the knowledge of what vegetables were represented. If this *seus* his idea, we can only say that it has been crowned with the most complete success. The mystery may be safely declared impenetrable. But leaving the new coin's relations to the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, we come upon its caricature of the animal. On its opposite side we have the stamp of what seems to be a singular fowl, the nature of which, like that of the vegetables in the wreath, is as yet undiscovered and, consequently, unknown. All that is positively certain about it, is that it is a caricature, and various conjectures are afloat in the community as to what particular bird is intended by the travesty. Some say a phoenix, some a roc, others a flying griffin, others again, a double-headed dodo, and some, a boiled goose; while a few daring, speculative spirits suggest that our national eagle at the moment when, according to a popular tradition, "he spread his wings and soared, and soared"—may have been in the eye of the clever, but unprincipled, caricaturist who designed the coin. We need hardly say, however, that we consider this theory extremely improbable. Setting aside the fact that the unhappy fowl that presides over our destinies, and screams in silent blazon upon our national arms, has already had the ill-luck, in the various pictorial delineations of him, to be so maligned, misrepresented and deformed, as to have become the object of that sacred respect due to misfortune, and to have, therefore, secured an immunity from the attacks of caricaturists, hardly less inviolable than is enjoyed by the Father of the Country himself—(whom nobody has dared since the execution of the statue in the Capitol grounds at Washington, where he appears half-naked, with one arm uplified and extended towards the building in which his coat and breeches are preserved, as though he were pathetically imploring the restoration of those useful garments)—setting all this aside, we say, there remains the stubborn fact that the device in question bears no more resemblance to the eagle of our ornithological reminiscences than it does to a rhinoceros. Indeed, the more we examine it, the more we are inclined to interrogate the hypothesis that assumes it to be the parody of any bird whatever; though this doubt may be considered unjustifiable when we confess—as we frankly do, that we have not yet settled in our own mind, the position in which the coin ought to be viewed—the dubious character of the representation preventing us from deriving any as-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is \$2 a year in advance, in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number. The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see

Paris Letter.

DISCIPLINE MUST BE MAINTAINED.—A LONG WATCH.—THE ENLIGHTENED NINETEENTH CENTURY.—SIGN OF THE TIMES.—THE ELOQUENCE OF FIGURES.

PARIS, May 14th, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The Grand Duke Constantine and the Prince of Nassau are still enjoying the splendid hospitality of the French Court. The brave and handsome General Tolstoy, who distinguished himself so highly at Silistria, is here in attendance on the Grand Duke, and is the lion of the day. All sorts of stories are told of him, and, among others, how he went, the other day, to make a visit in the Rue St. Honoré, leaving a soldier—who served him as valet—at the door. "Stay there till I call you," were the General's laconic directions, as he went in. In a quarter of an hour the General got into the carriage of a friend, and drove off, forgetting the soldier-servant, who remained sitting on the curbstone before the house all the evening, and through the night, and who would probably have sat there until the present moment, had not the police, thinking his conduct suspicious, and being unable to get a word out of him, marched him off, by main force, at two in the morning, and taken him to the lock-up. Fortunately, a Russian Count, who was at a ball near the police office, having learned that a countryman was in trouble, good-humoredly went to the police station to offer his aid as interpreter between the parties; and the poor fellow was at once set at liberty. Next morning he rushed into Tolstoy's room, flung himself on his knees, praying forgiveness for the breach of "duty" he had been forced to commit by the police.

"I forgive you this time," said the young General, "but take care how you ever venture again to stir from a spot where I have told you to wait till I call you."

So much for Russian passive obedience. The story reminds one of the sentinel that kept guard for eighty-four years in a lonely spot of the Imperial Gardens at Lasko-Selo, because Catherine the Great, having seen a moss rose there which she wished to be kept for her grandson, ordered a sentinel to be placed there to keep any unauthorized hand from plucking it. The Empress, having given the order, forgot the flower. The rose withered, and the bush itself died in the course of time. But no one thought of countermanding the watch; and accordingly, up to the present time, a sentinel paces, night and day, before the lonely bit of green turf, enclosed by a railing, where Catherine had said, nearly a century ago, "Place a sentinel at 500 paces from the Eastern pavilion."

Of the Grand Duke also, stories abound. It is said that when at Toulon, and hearing that an officer of the French marine was to be attached to his staff during his stay in France, he requested that Lieutenant Lavigne might be named to this post. This gentleman commanded an outpost near Perekop; one night, during a fog, he heard suspicious noise, and went out to reconnoitre with a couple of followers. He had hardly advanced a dozen yards when he met a party of Russian troops advancing to take the post under cover of the fog. Lavigne shouted an alarm, which saved the post, but of course caused him to be at once taken prisoner by the Russians. The present Emperor and the Grand Duke were then in the Russian camp. Lavigne, as a marine officer, was treated with much attention by the latter, and frequently dined at his table. The young officer went to Nice, a fortnight ago, to visit the Grand Duke; and the latter testified his regard for the brave enemy of whom he had made a friend by requesting that this officer might be selected to accompany him in his excursions in France.

But if Constantine Romanoff can make a friend of a foe, as brave men have little difficulty in doing, he can also utter a keen word of reprisals upon occasion. In the dock-yard at Toulon is a large bell, brought from Sebastopol, and waiting to be hung up as a trophy in a church close by. This bell, by the care of the master of the navy-yard, had been covered with palmetto before the Grand Duke's visit, in order that his eyes might not be vexed with a sight of it. The Grand Duke, who is kept fully informed of everything going on about him by the numerous suite of attendants who accompany him, knew all about this bell, and when it was being covered up for his visit. So, when he was in the navy-yard, he expressed his wish to see it, and that in so positive and persistent a manner, that the dock-master at length ordered it to be uncovered. The prince inspected the bell very carefully, and passed on without uttering a word. But, next morning, Admiral Ponsard, who commanded the French fleet in the Baltic, was presented to the Grand Duke; and began a little speech by saying, "Prince, I am most happy to have the honor of making your acquaintance."

When Constantine interrupted him—"My dear Admiral, don't stand upon ceremony with me! We are old acquaintances; you know I saw you every day for six months at Cronstadt."

The czar is preparing for his visit to Poland, in anticipation of which a number of pardons have been granted to political prisoners. Ninety Lithuanians have been allowed to return to their homes; and twenty-five Siberian exiles have returned to Poland. Meantime, at Saar, in Moravia, an odd thing has come to pass. In old times no Jew was permitted to sleep in that town; those who went there on business, were obliged to quit the town at sundown. In 1818, this prohibition was given up, Jews were allowed to sleep in the town, and before long some sixty Hebrew families took up their abode within its walls. The old law was disregarded, but not legally repealed; and the burgomaster has just taken it upon himself to enforce its observance anew, and has ordered the sixty Jewish families aforesaid to quit the town in fifteen days. And "Prussia is the most carefully educated of all the countries blessed with the ministrations of the schoolmaster!"

While the Jews are thus annoyed by Christians in too many European countries, Jerusalem is threatened, according to the latest advices, with a serious row through the violent dissensions that had broken out among the 12,000 Greek pilgrims assembled in that city.

The movement in favor of the union of the three Scandinavian countries (Denmark, Sweden, and Norway), under one crown, which is propagated with equal zeal in each, is gradually gaining adherents. It is only by such union, say its advocates, that the Scandinavian people can regain their due weight and importance among the brotherhood of nations. At a great banquet just given in Stockholm to M. Schiwan, Vice-President of the Order of Burgesses, enthusiastic words were given to "Scandinavianism." "The day," said a distinguished orator in his

speech on this occasion, "of peace and goodwill; offering its hand to all but especially to Germany, which must, sooner or later, adopt its creed. Germany," continued the speaker, "and the three northern kingdoms have to combat a common enemy; this combat, the grand struggle between Autocracy, and the Liberty of Legality, between darkness and light, will be fought, not on the shores of the Sound or of the Bosphorus, but on the fields of Germany."

The tendency of conquered nationalities to separate themselves from the country into which they have been violently incorporated, which constitutes so striking a characteristic of the present day, is probably destined to work out important results. The distinct recognition of oneself as an individual, with the rights and duties pertaining to individual existence, is the first condition of anything like a true life for human beings, and for nations, which are but larger individuals. And much as we may deplore the egotism, the opposition of interests, and the political and practical complications thence resulting, it is perhaps a necessary step in the career of progress. When Italy, Hungary, Roumania, Poland, Scandinavia—all the various real-distinct nationalities of Europe have arrived at a distinct national existence, and consequently at self-government, and the conditions of a distinct national career, there will then, for the first time, be a possibility of peace and active harmony in the world.

Unfortunately, that "time is not yet." Russia draws seven per cent of her population into her armies; and the other nations, as everybody knows, waste in like manner a large proportion of their people, not to speak of their revenues, which might be so much better expended in other ways.

The late assertions in the "Times," of London, to the effect that the population is diminishing, and the size of the men also, in this country, has given rise to a deal of discussion on the subject. The inordinate abuse of tobacco, the dearth of food, and various other causes, are assigned for this fact; for such it is pretty generally admitted to be. But a fact not generally known, is the *proportional* decrease of population in all the countries of Europe, as results from the statistics collected by M. Moreau de Jonnes, in his *Elemente de la Statistique*.

Thus, while, except in France and Spain, the population is actually on the increase, the rate at which it increases is constantly diminishing. This diminution is, in Germany, of 1-13th in 17 years; in Sweden, 1-9th in 61 years; in Russia, 1-8th in 30 years; in Spain, 1-6th in 30 years; in Denmark, nearly 1-4th in 82 years; in Prussia, 1-5th in 132 years; in France, 1-3rd in 71 years; in England, 2-7th in 100 years. This indication of a general law in virtue of whose action the reproductive power of the human race will slacken as its numbers increase, may serve to allay the fears of those who imagine that a time must necessarily arrive when the world will be too small to contain its teeming inhabitants. Other indications, moreover, are not wanting to confirm this view; and physiologists now generally concur in anticipating the arrival of a period when—the globe being sufficiently peopled—the number of births will only equal that of deaths.

EXCELLENCY OF CHRIST.

BY GILES FLETCHER.

He is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is he!
To dead men life he is, to sick men health;
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth—
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

☞ The older Romans paid special honors to agriculture, as did the Jews. Their coin was stamped with symbols in connection therewith. The Greeks refreshed the mouths of their ploughing oxen with wine. Charles the Ninth exempted from arrest for debt all persons engaged in the cultivation of the staple articles of agriculture.

☞ MODERATION IN ALL THINGS.—A tremendous talker is like a greedy eater at an ordinary, keeping to himself an entire dish of which every one present would like to have partaken.

☞ A popular preacher received so many pairs of slippers from the female part of his congregation, that he got to fancying himself a centipede.

☞ A MEDICAL JEU D'ESPRIT.—A medical man says that those shopping ladies who make it a business to trouble dry goods clerks, without buying anything, ought to be called "counter-irritants."

☞ An impudent fellow says:—"Show me all the dresses a woman has worn in the course of her life, and I will write her biography from them."

☞ It was not the magnitude of the Grecian army, nor the martial skill of Achilles, their leader, that conquered the city of Troy, but ten years' perseverance.

☞ Somebody has called childhood "a rosy lawn between the cradle and the school-house."

☞ JOYFUL.—A little girl nine years old, having attended a soiree, being asked by her mother on returning how she enjoyed herself, answered, "I am full of happiness. I couldn't be any happier unless I could grow."

☞ Steele said of a woman whom he admired:—"To have loved her was a liberal education."

☞ A poet in the Boston Post, while celebrating in lofty verse the joys of Chicago, finally concludes by saying that "Chicago is an infamous city."

☞ AN ATOMIC THEORY.—From the number of nobodies that are returned to Parliament, we are afraid that the next Session may already be characterized, in the Palmerston phrase, as "A fortuitous concurrence of atoms." So small are some of the atoms, that it is our belief the Queen will have to open Parliament with a microscope.

—London Punch.

☞ Each of us bears within himself a world unknown to his fellow beings, and each may relate of himself a history, resembling that of every one, yet like that of no one.

☞ Men of the world hold that it is impossible to do a disinterested action, except from an interested motive; for the sake of admiration, if for no grosser, more tangible gain. Doubtless they are also convinced that, when the sun is showering light from the sky, he is only standing there to be stared at.—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

☞ You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good, and whose enemies are all of a character decidedly bad.

☞ Industry will make a purse, and frugality will give you strings to it. This purse will cost you nothing. Draw the strings as frugality directs, and you will always find a useful penny at the bottom.

A NODE TO SPRING.

BY A RENDIGNANT FARMER.

Well spring you cum at last, hev you?
The poll sex your bin a stiffin in Ole Winter's lap;
Now alast you ahamed of yourself!
I spose the old feller's been a busin you
I should think he had from your breath
A bein so cold—but that's the way them
Old fellows hev a dolt.

Well as I was saia,
You cum at last with your "bammy"
Breth a blowin from the North-west—
Westonstant or Newbrunsky I spose,
Grate Kunties for ham, I rekia!

Now you cum cum
Everyboddy fed on Korn as things,
Hev a bin fed out! Now luk at
Our Kunties, will ye? Se ur Kuntel
On the lift, a hev'n to be steddied by
Their taler while they gits up a mornin's!
Luk at our horse wats all rejiced!
To skiffons a weepin over a troff;
A bull troff full of kane!
A bull troff full of bitter rekelskshuns.

Luk at them shepe a lien in
The fens kornus a waitin for gra:
Yes, as they bin a waitin sum or
Them for wret!—An ef they wanst
Puld they bin "shakin their lox
At you an sed 'U dun it!" (That thur
Is from Han let, wos of Shakspear's plait)
As another poet sez:—"Gras diffurd maks
The tounshak sh"—an these shepes w
Never open their lito gra agin—No!
Nor oute foder!

Now luk at them hogs, as has bin
A fellerin them Kuntel wos hev bin
Soft on 'em! Se em will ye a crepin
Round as ef they tetchted with Korn!
Luk at thur eves will ye—bigur than
Any cabtich lef!

Se them sheks
A lien on the fens to squele!
Luk at them mity eves a hangin pendit
Onto sich little hogs! Se a hundrid
Gud shoks rejiced down a even
Korn bakin fell!
Yes, that thurs all yer dolins, U
Tardi litten Spring!—a hangin luk
At your bin a dolt!

But now you cum:
We feler yer chert presenz wem we
Git round onto the South side of the bar:
We here the hens a kikin when they
Laid a egg. We see the honsardish
A startin up a long side the garding
Fens! The wintimen is a lookin into
The old pot after garding sides!
All these things make me think you cum!

If so be I riled
Ye spring a shewin up ov yer short cummins,
Jes set 'em down to havin a pot's 'liens,
(Tho I halnt taken wain out yet, I low in.)

YANKEE FIGHTING.

The Memoirs of Sir Charles Napier, just published in England, contains many passages interesting to Americans. We select a couple of paragraphs:

When at Bermuda, in 1813, with his regiment, Colonel Napier, writing to his mother, says:—"Two packets are due, and we fear they have been taken; for the Yankees swarm here, and when a frigate goes out to drive them off, by Jove, they take her! Yankees fight well, and are gentlemen in their mode of warfare. Decatur refused Cardon's sword, saying, 'Sir, you have used it so well, I should be ashamed to take it from you.' These Yankees, though so much abused, are really fine fellows. One, an acquaintance of mine, has just got the Macedonian; he was here a prisoner, and dined with me; he had taken one of our ships, but was himself captured by the Poitiers, seventy-four; being now in an English frigate, if he meets us we must take him, or we are no longer sovereigns on the ocean."

From Bermuda, Charles Napier sailed for America, and became engaged in some of the daring and disastrous operations carried on against the Americans by the Government over which King George III. exercised a despotic power. The bush method of warfare struck him as cowardly, and as for the system of loading cannon to the mouth with odds and ends of old iron, it was his abhorrence: "Seven thousand men at Baltimore, and we have no such force: still my opinion is, that if we tucked up our sleeves and lay our ears back we may thrash them; that is, if we caught them out of their trees, so as to slap at them with the bayonet. They will not stand that. But they fight unfairly, firing jagged pieces of iron and every sort of devilment; nails, broken pokers, old locks of guns, gun-barrels, everything that will do mischief. On board a twenty-gun ship that we took, I found this sort of ammunition regularly prepared. This is wrong. Man delights to be killed according to the law of nations, and nothing is so pleasant and correct; but to be dashed against all rule is quite offensive. We don't then kick like gentlemen. A 24-pound shot in the stomach is fine; we die heroically; but a brass candlestick for stuffing, with a garnish of rusty twopenny nails, makes us die ungentlely, and with the cholera."

TRADE IN INSECTS.—Bugs are an important article in the trade of Rio Janeiro. Their wings are made into artificial flowers, and some of the most brilliant varieties are worn as ornaments in ladies' hair. One man manages to earn his living by selling insects and other specimens to the strangers who visit the port. He keeps twelve slaves constantly employed in finding the bugs, serpents, and shells which are most in demand. The nearest approach to his business that we can remember is that of the trade of fire-flies in Havana; the insect being caught and carefully fed on the sugar-cane, is used as an ornament in ladies' dresses. Being twice the size of the American fire fly it is very brilliant at night. The crocodiles catch them on the plantations and sell them to the city belles; some of them carry them in silver cages attached to their bracelets. They make a fine display by lamplight.

HOW TO TREAT AN APPLICANT FOR OFFICE.—Among others, a young man from the country recently waited upon Collector Austin, of Boston, and at once produced his petition for office. He was backed up by the leading Democrats of his vicinity as a firm Democrat, who had ever been faithful to his party, &c. He was received with much urbanity by the collector, who, upon glancing at the petition, grasped the young man by the hand, with the remark—

"My dear sir, I am rejoiced to perceive that you sustain Democratic principles. You are in the right path. Stick to the Democratic party."

"But," murmured the applicant, "how about the office?"

"As to that," replied the Collector, with a mysterious shake of the head, "I have nothing to say; but stick to the Democratic party." And before the bewildered applicant gained his presence of mind, he was politely bowed from the official presence.

THE ROMANCE OF CRIME.

[A late number of Household Words, gives the following account of what it styles, "A Few Pleasant French Gentlemen:"]

COGNARD.

In the time of the First Empire, among the forcats, or convicts, of the Bagne at Rochefort, was one named Cognard; a man of remarkable courage and decided good breeding. One day Cognard was missing. He had slipped his chains and flung away his bullet, and the guns of Rochefort thundered after him in vain. Cognard got safe away to Spain; and though the garles chourmes (the guards of the Bagne) twirled their moustaches and swore in royal style, the forcat was beyond their reach.

Cognard, as a gentleman travelling for pleasure, became acquainted with the family of the Count Pontis de Sainte Helene. The acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and the pleasant French gentleman who had so much to say on every subject, was soon rarely absent from the count's chateau. But, sorrow fell on the hospitable Spaniard. One by one, mysteriously and as if they were pursued by some relentless fate, every member of the Pontis family disappeared. Sudden deaths and lingering deaths, nameless diseases and horrible accidents, cut them off one by one; the pleasant French gentleman always at the side of the sufferers, soothing the dying with rare drugs; and generally at hand in time to see, but not to prevent, each catastrophe. Did any light break in upon the last Pontis, as he lay on his bed of death, slowly following the rest of his brave kindred, and the French gentleman mixed him draughts and prepared him potions, and learnt from him all the particulars necessary for conveying and managing his estate? Did one look of triumph from those cruel eyes ever reveal the fatal tragedy to the dying man? Cognard never confessed this; all he told was, that as soon as the Spaniard was dead, he possessed himself of the jewels, plate, and money left; of the title deeds of the estate, and of the patent of nobility. And, with these, fully armed now for the great contest of life, he entered the Spanish army as sub-lieutenant Count Pontis de Sainte Helene.

In a short time he was raised to the rank of chef d'escadron; and after having distinguished himself gallantly at Monte Video, he was made lieutenant-colonel. However, he could not quite subdue his ancient propensities; having entangled himself in a pecuniary misdirection, he was arrested; but, twice he managed to escape. On the second occasion, he put himself at the head of a brave band of French prisoners of war; seized a Spanish brig; passed into France; and, by virtue of his courage and his name, was made chef d'escadron, on the grand staff of the Duke de Dalmatia—the brave and virtuous Marshal Soult. Soon after, he was made chef de-bataillon of the hundredth regiment of the line, and his fortune seemed to be secure. At Toulouse and at Waterloo he signalled himself greatly, received many wounds, and performed many acts of gallantry; for these he was rewarded with the cross of the legion of honor; no common reward in those days. In 1815, the Duke de Berri made him successively Chevalier de Saint Louis, chef-de-bataillon, and lieutenant-colonel of the troops of the Seine. There was not a man in the army who did not envy and admire the gallant and successful Count Pontis de Sainte Helene.

One day the Count was in the Place Vendome, assisting at the head of his troops, in the painful ceremony of a military degradation. He was in full uniform, glistening with stars and crosses, and gray with many-colored orders; surrounded by the best and noblest of the land, and standing there as their equal. A voice at his elbow calls "Cognard!" The count turns. He sees a dirty, haggard, low-browed ruffian, whose features he only too well remembers; for, years ago, within the fatal walls of Rochefort, that low-browed ruffian had been his chained companion, manacled to him limb to limb. To put a bold front on it was all that the count could do; to order the man to be thrust back; to affect indifference, ignorance, disdain—he saw no better way of escape. But, his chain-mate, one of Cognard's inferiors, was not so easily put off. He denounced the lieutenant-colonel, in the hearing of them all, as an escaped convict, and gave his real name and history. General Despinas ordered the arrest of his officer; and four gendarmes seized him, in face of his troops.—He demanded and obtained permission to go to his hotel, for a change of clothes; when there, he seized a brace of pistols, presented them at his guards, and while they stood stupefied and thunder-struck at his daring, he rushed from the hotel, and they saw him no more.

Six months afterwards he was caught; tried as an escaped convict, and for forgery and murder; condemned to the galleys for life; and, in a few years, died at Brest, an outcast and degraded forcat. If it had not been for that voice on the Place Vendome, Cognard the convict might have died Count Pontis de Sainte Helene, Marechal de France.

ANTHELMIE COLLET.

Anthelme Collet, a gentleman by birth and education, an officer on the fair way to promotion, deserted the army in 1796; and, under the name of Tolosant, established himself at Rome as an "engraver of armorial bearings."

In the course of his profession he became acquainted with Cardinal Fesch, who, taking a fancy to the handsome young engraver, had him to live with him in his palace. Such a patronage is worth money; accordingly, Tolosant turned it into sixty thousand francs (two thousand four hundred pounds); which, on the strength of his intimacy with monsigneur, he borrows of a banker. With this thirty thousand francs he quits Rome and the Cardinal, without the trouble of saying adieu; escaping to Mondovi, where he leads the life of a veritable prince. Received among the golden youth as one of themselves—as indeed how should he not be with his elegant manners, handsome person, and evident wealth?—he soon became the leader of their fashions and their amusements. After organising many very popular games, he proposes private theatricals; of which he is to be the costumer and keeper of the wardrobe. The thing takes immensely; and all sorts of plays are agreed on and dressed for.

When all the dresses are chosen and in the theatrical wardrobe, our friend assumes himself one night by packing them up smoothly and carefully in certain private valises; and, before the morning sun shone on Mondovi, the popular stage-manager and his characters were far on their way to Slon.

A mild, modest mannered, young priest arrived by diligence at Slon. He had excellent letters of introduction, and was received with cordiality by the clergy, whom he much edified by his spiritual graces and good gifts. In a short time he was placed as cure in the small parish of Saint

Pierre; which office he filled for five months, with exemplary devotion. There was a talk of removing him to another more populous sphere, where his labors would be more conspicuously blessed; but, while the project was pending, one fine morning the reverend father was missing; and, with him, a sum of thirty thousand francs, which had been intrusted to him for the reconstruction of the church. The part of the village cure, which had been apportioned to one of the golden youth at Mondovi, brought the grist to Anthelme Collet's mill for a long time.

From Slon to Strasbourg, from Strasbourg into Germany; thence back again to Italy—this time under the name and title of a general—the thirty thousand francs carrying him bravely on the very crest of fortune, the young swindler led a comfortable life enough. But, his funds were getting low; and, to replenish them, the general put his name and graces out at interest, and borrowed on them a large sum from a banker of Savone. He was nearly caught there. The banker was a wary man, and only trusted even generals as far as he could see them. However, the man of war disappeared when the banker began to stir; and, in his place stood the grave and reverend prelate, Monseigneur Dominique Pasqualini, Bishop of Manfredonia, who, with a forged bulle d'institution, presented himself to the Bishop of Nice, and ordained thirty-three abbés. The game of pre-lacy, however, could not be safely played long; Collet turned his face to Frejus, as an inspector-general, covered with military decorations. At Draguignan he formed his staff, and at Toulon a prefect's son was proud to become his private secretary; at Marseilles he had a suit of twenty followers, and took one hundred and thirty thousand francs (five thousand two hundred pounds) from the government chest. His people must be fed. At Nimes he took three hundred thousand francs, or twelve thousand pounds.

But, Anthelme Collet's theatricals were drawing to a close; the game was getting too warm for him. While breakfasting with the prefect of Montpellier, the brilliant inspector-general was seized by the police, and his staff of dupes were summarily incarcerated. For better security he was put into a dungeon below ground. He expected nothing else than to be shot; when the prefect, willing to gratify the curiosity of a large dinner-party whom he had invited to meet the inspector-general, and to whom he was eager to show the lion under a new form, ordered the prisoner to be brought up to be looked at. While the guard went in to announce him, he was left in the office, or passage-room between the kitchen and the dining-room, under the care of two sentinels. Before they knew he had turned round, he had put on a cook's cap, apron and vest that lay handy; seized a dish waiting to be carried into the salle-a-manger; carried it in, and set it down before the prefect; then he disappeared. The sentinels had seen nothing but a cook of the establishment pass through the office. While the city was up in arms, and the police were hunting everywhere, Collet, from the window of a small room close to the prefecture, watched their movements, laughed at their dismay; in a fortnight's time he was safe out of the city. Such an escape was unprecedented. People talked of magic and compacts with unpleasant powers, and all sorts of wild superstitions crept around the name of Anthelme Collet. The truth only came out when he was finally arrested, and he told his adventures with a novelist's delight.

He took refuge from the police of Montpellier in the convent of the Brothers of Christian Doctrine at Toulouse. He was a boarder there, and enchanted them all by his piety and munificence. He made them wonderful promises—the Arabian Nights were nothing to him; he did buy (but did not pay for) a piece of land whereon to build an establishment for novices; for the Brothers of Christian Doctrine were to take the lead of every other monastic institution in Toulouse. One day, while the good, simple, credulous brothers went to inspect their new domain, and to see how far the workmen had got on with the noviciate establishment, their kind patron loaded a carriage with the vases, cups, ornaments and jeweled relics of the chapel; not forgetting all the money he could find in the house. When the unhappy brothers returned, they found their patron and their wealth among the things that were not.

Knowing that he would be hotly pursued, Collet conceived and executed one of those strokes of genius which are almost sublime. He went to Roche-Beaucourt, and took lodgings in the commissary's house. The police, of course, looked too wide, and Collet assisted in the search after himself. No one suspected the commissary's guest, and the pursuit slackened and finally died away. Under the name of Galat, and in the guise of a modest and honest rentier, our friend turned next to Mans. He lodged in the parish of Couture, and was remarked for his pious exactitude in attending mass, vespers, and the confessional, and for his wonderful benevolence to the poor. He distributed large quantities of bread daily—furnished on credit by a rich baker; for Galat's rents were not yet due, and he was temporarily short of cash. He bought much jewelry, too, on credit, and mystified honest men by sending them to look at a certain estate, which he had to sell at a low price, and which they never could find. Finally, he would buy a cabriolet of one of the rich notables of the town. But, he must try the cabriolet first. He did try it, and drive it ten leagues away from Mans. When safe at the end of his ten leagues, he wrote a polite note to the owner, telling him where he might find his property, thanking him for a very useful loan; but declining to purchase it, having no more occasion for it.

Collet was arrested a short time after this, after more than twenty years of successful swindling; was condemned to twenty years' travaux forces at the Bagne, was branded with the letters T. F. between his shoulders, and was taken to Roche-fort as a galley-slave. He led the most luxurious life a man could lead (even at this day, French prisoners with money may buy unheard of personal luxuries), no one knowing where his immense resources came from. When he died—which he did just before the expiry of his sentence—a large quantity of gold was found stitched in between the lining and the outer covering of his clothes.

BAUDIN.

The result of the Brussels lottery was to be made known one evening in Paris. In the time of the Empire, it was lawful to buy tickets for the Brussels lottery, three hours before the arrival of the courier with the list of the winning numbers. With a margin of three hours, there surely could be no foul play, even among the clever sharps of Paris. Rather more than four hours before the arrival of the messenger, a man named Baudin presented himself at the office, bought a certain number, paid, and disappeared. That evening, Baudin had drawn a million. Napoleon the Great was no easy man to cheat. Such a wonderful coincidence of good fortune seemed

somewhat suspicious. He caused an inquiry to be made; after some time he discovered that Baudin had an accomplice at Brussels, who sent him the number of the lucky ticket on the neck of a carrier pigeon. The carrier pigeon flew faster than the courier rode, and Baudin gained his million for a time. He lost that, and liberty, and life, too, at the Bagne at Brest.

FICHON.

Fichon, a forcat for life, condemned for numberless audacious crimes, has a trick of breaking loose, spite of double chains, the bullet, guards, and stone walls. One day, he is seen on the port, un-ironed, quietly looking at his companions—not attempting to escape, only taking a little liberal exercise on his own account. Taken back to his bench (for he was chained to a bench, apparently immovably), strictly watched, and trebly ironed, the next day he is in his old place on the port watching his companions again, and whistling Le Postillon de Longjumeau. The commissary, a common man without sympathies, orders M. Fichon to the cabot (the dark underground cells). "Here at least, he will be safe," says the common man, slipping his cane noir. Two days afterwards, he spies M. Fichon strolling through the town of Toulon, his hands behind his back, whistling as before, and looking in at the shop windows.

"What are you doing there, Fichon?"

"Why, my commissary, what you see. I am taking a little walk. What do you wish me to do? I will obey you. Must I go back from whence I came?"

"As you please!" said the commissary, ironically, "since it seems a settled thing with you not to obey me any longer."

Fichon, hurt at such an insinuation, returned to his cell. An hour afterwards, the guard found the door locked, and Fichon re-ironed by his own hands; but, they never could find the most trifling instrument capable of filing or un-riveting his chains.

FANFAN.

Andre Fanfan was even as clever as, or more clever than, Fichon. Andre's foot used to itch, and then there was no holding him. He used to attempt serious flight; Fichon only wanted a little quiet stroll without iron. But, both seemed to have secured the mandrake's power over bolts and bars. No walls could hold them, no chains bind them, no balls hit them. They were vulnerable only in their facility of losing their liberty. They never could keep free when they had got loose. Fanfan was sure to be retaken, before twelve hours were out; and, when Fichon had finished one sentence, he was very certain to come to grief and another. These two men gave the garden chourmes many a day's outing. It was almost as good fun as hunting a well-trained stag, to hear the gun fired, and the news spread that Fanfan or Fichon had escaped. When they died, the guards felt as if half the amusement of their wretched lives had died too.

How to STOP TABLE-TURNING.—In the course of its travels, table-turning reached Munich, the capital of Bavaria. Liebig had but recently been established there, as Professor of Chemistry, the enlightened government of that kingdom having drawn him thither from Giesens. The experiment of table-turning succeeded marvellously at first. Good and intelligent people were amazed at the phenomenon, and fully believed, either that spiritual forces were at work in the mahogany, or that some new physical power was unfolding itself. They naturally went to the great philosopher, to obtain his opinion. He simply said, "Place your hands under the table, and not on it." They did so, and no table, however light, though running on castors over polished floors under the smallest impulsion, would yet budge an inch—or a hair's breadth. The good people of Munich were again astonished at the facility with which they had deceived themselves, and thanked Liebig for opening their eyes; for it is not the custom there to consult men of science on obscure subjects and then abuse them if their opinions do not happen to coincide with the popular madness of the hour—and table-turning has never troubled Munich since. The explanation, of course, was, that when their hands were on the table, they pushed it unconsciously; when their hands were under the table they could not push it without a conscious effort, inasmuch as the force of gravitation was against them. And as they were honest people they would not push, and as the table was an honest table, it would not go.

SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.—A wealthy epicure applied to an Arabian doctor for a prescription that would restore his body to health, and give happiness to his mind. The physician advised him to exchange shirts with a man who was perfectly contented with his lot. Whereupon the patient set out on a journey in pursuit of such a person. After many months spent without accomplishing his object, he was told of a certain cobbler of whom every one had spoken as a model of contentment and happiness. Pursuing the direction given, the traveller was at length rewarded with the sight of the cobbler enjoying a comfortable nap on a board. Without ceremony he was aroused from his slumbers, and the important interrogatory, whether he was contented with his lot, was answered in the affirmative.

"Then," said the seeker after happiness, "I have one small boon to ask at your hands. It is that you exchange shirts with me, that by this means I also may become contented and happy."

"Most gladly would I accede to thy request," replied the cobbler, "but—"

"Nay, refuse me not," interrupted the man of wealth; "any sum that you may name shall be thine."

"I seek not thy wealth," said the cobbler, "but—but—"

"But what?"

"The—the truth is—I have no shirt."

THE MISER AND HIS SLIPPERS.

A PERSIAN STORY.

There lived in Bagdad, once upon a time—(we believe this is the approved method of commencing an Eastern story)—a merchant, named Abu Cassem Tamburi, celebrated for his peevish disposition. Although he was very rich, his clothes were little better than rags; his turban, formed of a piece of the coarsest linen, was so dirty that its original color could no longer be distinguished; but of his entire equipment, the slippers were the articles which in the highest degree merited the attention of the curious; the soles were armed with heavy nails, while the "uppers" were patched and repatched in every conceivable variety of pattern. Never had the famous Argo so many pieces; and during the ten years that they had been slippers, the most skillful shoemakers in Bagdad had exhausted their art in repairing, or endeavoring to repair, their manifold and various dilapidation. From these constant mendings, the slippers, as a natural consequence, had become so weighty that they had passed into a proverb, and when any one wanted to express something very heavy, Cassem's slippers were always the objects of comparison.

One day, while our merchant was promenading in the great bazaar of the city, he was informed that a poor perfumer having fallen into difficulties, had a small quantity of otto of roses which he was desirous of disposing of to keep himself and family from starvation. Abu Cassem, ever on the look-out for what he called a good bargain, hastened to profit by the poor man's misfortune, and purchased his otto from him at about half its value. This excellent affair had put him into a most amiable humor; but, instead of giving a sumptuous feast, according to the custom of the Eastern merchants when they have been successful in their negotiations, he thought he would treat himself to a bath instead, a luxury he had not enjoyed for a considerable time.

As he was taking off his clothes, one of his friends, or at least an individual who pretended to be such, (for misers seldom have friends,) told him that his slippers rendered him the talk of the whole city, and that it was high time he bought himself a new pair. "I have been thinking of so doing for a long time," replied Cassem, but, after all, these are not yet quite past service." While thus conversing, he entered the bath.

It so happened, that while our miser was washing, the Cadi of Bagdad came also to bathe—Cassem having left before the judge, proceeded to the outer cooling-room for the purpose of dressing; he resumed his clothes, one by one, but when it came to the slippers, they were nowhere to be found. A beautiful new pair being in the place of his own, our miser, persuaded, because he so desired it, that this was a present from the friend who had been so lately lecturing him on the subject of his pedic coverage, put his feet into the luxurious slippers, and issued forth from the bath full of joy.

When the Cadi had finished bathing, his slaves sought in vain their master's slippers; they found but a vile, patched pair, which were at once recognized as the slippers of the merchant Cassem; the city guards were forthwith despatched in search of the delinquent, and soon returned leading in our friend Cassem, who was charged with the theft; the Cadi, after changing slippers with his prisoner, sent him to jail. In the East it is necessary to lose one's purse-strings to escape the claws of justice; and as Cassem passed in the world for being as rich as he was miserly, he did not get out for a trifle.

On his return home, Cassem, in a rage, cast his slippers into the Tigris, which flowed beneath his windows; a few days afterwards, some fisherman, while engaged in their avocations, on drawing in their net, found it heavier than usual; on bringing it to land, they discovered within it the slippers of our friend Cassem, the heavy nails with which they were garnished having broken several of the meshes.

The fishermen, indignant against Cassem and his slippers, thought that they could not do better than throw them into his house through the open windows. The slippers, hurled with force, struck the phials of otto which were standing on the window-sill, and upset them; the bottles were broken, and the otto lost.

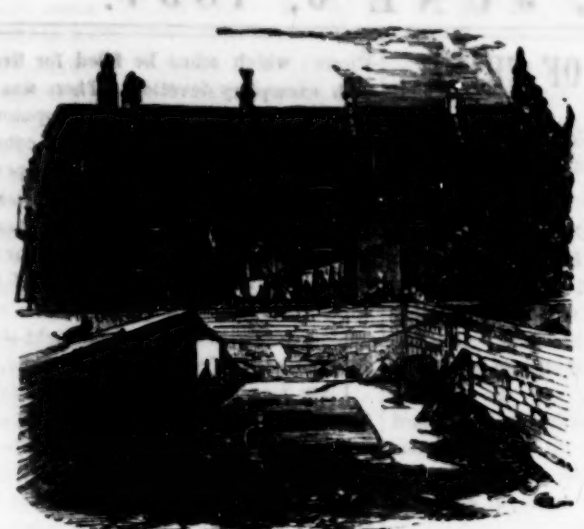
The grief of Cassem at the sight of this disaster may be imagined. "Cursed slippers!" cried he, tearing his beard, "you shall not cause me any more annoyance!" So saying, he seized a spade and proceeded to his garden to dig a hole for the purpose of burying his slippers.

One of his neighbors, who had for some time owed him a grudge, having perceived him moving the earth, ran forthwith to inform the Governor; this intelligence was quite sufficient to kindle the flame of cupidity in the breast of the Commandant. In vain did our miser protest that he had found no treasure, but that he was only digging a hole to bury his slippers; his story was laughed at; the Governor had reckoned on the money, and the afflicted Cassem only obtained his liberty on payment of a round sum.

Our merchant, driven to despair by these freaks of Fortune, proceeded to an aqueduct at some distance from the city, and cast his slippers once more into the water, accompanying the act by a malediction which need not be repeated—but the sickle jade, it would appear, had not yet tired of playing her tricks upon him, for chance so willed it that the slippers should be directed by the current directly into the mouth of the conduit pipe of the aqueduct, where they stuck fast. The men employed on the water-works hastened to repair the damage. Sticking in the mouth of the pipe they discovered Cassem's slippers, which they forthwith brought to the Governor, declaring that it was this that had caused all the mischief.

The unfortunate proprietor of the slippers was again thrown into prison, and condemned to pay a fine heavier than the two others; but the Governor who had punished the misdeed, magnanimously declaring that he could not reconcile it to his conscience to detain the property of another, faithfully restored to the merchant his precious slippers. Cassem, in order to deliver himself from all the evils which they had caused him, now resolved to burn them; but as they were completely soaked with the water they had imbibed during their residence in the aqueduct, he exposed them to the rays of the sun on the terrace of his house.

And here Fortune played our miser the unkindest trick of all. A neighbor's dog spied out the slippers as they lay in the sun; he jumped from his master's terrace on to that of the merchant, seized one of the slippers in his mouth, and while playing with it, threw it over the parapet into the street; the fatal shoe fell directly on the head of a woman in a very delicate state



A TOWN-GARDEN AS IT OFTEN IS.



A TOWN-GARDEN AS IT ALWAYS MIGHT BE.

A HINT FOR TOWN GARDENS.

The object of the accompanying design is, to show by contrast what may be done by the exercise of a little taste in the ornamentation of a garden such as may be found attached to many of our suburban residences. Every traveller on a line of railway that is elevated above the ordinary level of the houses must have noticed the effect produced by carelessness and neglect in the management of a garden, as contrasted with that where taste, order and industry unite to form a scene of beauty, and a source of continued delight.

A love for the cultivation of flowers is one of the most healthy and cheerful pursuits that can be indulged in; it is not only pleasurable to those engaged therein, but it adds an additional charm to the magic of Home.

In No. 1 is represented the space intended doubtless by the builder for the garden; but which, in consequence of neglect or the carelessness of the occupant, has become a receptacle

for rubbish, dust, and the debris of the household,—unwholesome to those who are living in close contact with it, and unsightly to the neighbors on each side. The prospect is interrupted by the backs of a row of houses, built in the but too common style of architecture, which seems to reveal in uninteresting monotony.

In No. 2 is shown the same piece of ground differently managed. The centre contains two or three beds of flowers, whilst a narrow bed is carried round by the wall; on the top of the latter boxes of the same width should be placed, and made sufficiently deep to grow Geraniums, Fuchsias, &c.; whilst against the sides of the wall may be trained such plants and shrubs as are best suited for the situation. The wall, if previously white lime-washed, will contribute to the general effect by contrasting with the foliage; the washing at the same time will be conducive to the preservation of the plants by destroying the insects that so often infest shrubs.

At the end of the garden should be raised a trellis-work, over which Ivy and Virginia Creeper could be trained. The Ivy would afford a luxuriant green during winter, and would also form a pleasing contrast during autumn with the crimson leaves of the Virginia Creeper. In front of the trellis may be erected a small alcove or summer-house. A vase or tazza of flowers will add considerably to the beauty. The arches represented should be placed in such a manner as, when viewed from the house, to give the greatest idea of space. These arches may be constructed of wood or iron—the latter is to be preferred on account of its gracefulness and greater durability; they may also be made of wirework, specimens of which can be seen at the manufactories.

The cost of this floral decoration, deducting the value of the material, is but trifling; in fact, the whole might be constructed by an occupant possessing taste and energy.

A VERY SINGULAR SERMON.

The following singular old sermon, which has recently been reprinted in a tract at Diss, in Norfolk, England, is said to be authentic. The title is, "A sermon occasioned by the death of Mr. Proctor, Minister of Gilling, by the Rev. Mr. Moor, of Burston, in Norfolk." It is supposed to have been preached about one hundred and forty years ago, in the parish church of Burston, a small village near Diss. Most of the names mentioned in this curious—but considering the times and manners of the locality, rather characteristic—discourse, are now standing in the register books of the said parish, thus so far supporting the reality of the sermon. In 1750 it was printed in the *British Magazine* for November, and a manuscript copy of it was found in an old wall, pulled down at Wisbeach, in 1823. We thus introduce it, and we give the discourse entire, which has, at least, the merit of brevity:—

"Fight the good fight."—1 Tim. vi. 12.

Beloved, we are met together to solemnize the funeral of Mr. Proctor; his father's name was Mr. Thomas Proctor, of the second family; his brother's name was also Mr. Thomas Proctor; he lived some time at Burston Hall, in Norfolk, and was high constable of Diss Hundred; this man's name was Mr. Robert Proctor, and his wife's name was Mrs. Buxton; late wife of Mr. Matthew Buxton; she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

He was a good husband and she a good housewife, and they two got money; she brought a thousand pounds with her for her portion. But now, beloved, I shall make it clear, by demonstrative arguments. First, he was a good man, and that in several respects; he was a loving man to his neighbors, a charitable man to the poor, and a favorable man in his tithe, and a good landlord to his tenants; there sits one, Mr. Spurgeon, can tell what a great sum of money he forgave him on his death-bed, and it was four-score pounds; now, beloved, was not this a good man, a man of God, and his wife a good woman, and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich. This is the first argument.

Secondly, to prove this man to be a good man, and a man of God: in the time of his sickness, which was long and tedious, he sent for Mr. Cole, minister of Shimpling, to pray for him. He was not a self-denied man, to be prayed for himself only; no, beloved, he desired him to pray for all his relations and acquaintances, for Mr. Buxton's worship, and for all Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any; and to Mr. Cole's prayers he devoutly said Amen, Amen, Amen; was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

Then he sent for Mr. Gibbs to pray for him; when he came he prayed for him, for all his friends, relations and acquaintances; for Mr. Buxton's worship, for Mrs. Buxton's worship, and for all Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any; and to my prayer he devoutly said Amen, Amen, Amen; was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

Thirdly and lastly, beloved, I come to a clear demonstrative argument to prove this man to be a good man, and a man of God, and that is this: there was one Thomas Proctor, a very poor beggar boy, he came into this country upon the back of a dun cow; it was not a black cow, nor a brindled cow, nor a brown cow, no, beloved, it was a dun cow; well, beloved, this poor boy came a begging to this good man's door. He did not do as some would have done, give him a small alms and send him away, or chide him and make him a pass, and send him into his own country; no, beloved, he took him into his own house, and bound him an apprentice to a gun-smith in Norwich; after his time was out he took him home again, and married him to a kinswoman of his wife's, one Mrs. Christiana Robertson, here present—there she sits; she was a very good fortune, and to her this good man gave a considerable jointure; by her this man had three daughters; this good

man took home the eldest, brought her up to a woman's estate, married her to a very honorable gentleman, Mr. Buxton, here present, there he sits; who gave him a vast portion with her, and the remainder of his estate he gave his two daughters. Now, was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

Beloved, you may remember some time since, I preached at the funeral of Mrs. Proctor, all which time I troubled you with many of her transcendent virtues; but your memories perhaps may fail you, and therefore I shall now remind you of one or two of them.

The first is, she was a good knitter as any in the county of Norfolk; when her husband and family were in bed and asleep, she would get a cushion, clap herself down by the fire, and sit and knit; but, beloved, be assured she was no prodigal woman, but a sparing woman; for to spare candle she would stir up the coals with her knitting pins, and by that light she would sit and knit, and make as good work as any other woman by daylight. Beloved, I have a pair of stockings on my legs that were knit in the same manner, and they are the best stockings that I ever wore in my life.

Secondly, she was the best maker of toast in drink that I ever eat in my life; and they were brown toasts, too; for when I used to go in a morning she would ask me to eat a toast, which I was very willing to do, because she had such an artificial way of toasting it, no ways slack or burning it; besides, she had such a pretty way of grating the nutmeg and dipping it in the beer, and such a piece of rare cheese, that I must needs say they were the best I ever eat in my life.

Well, beloved, the days are short, and many of you have a great way to your habitations, and therefore I hasten to a conclusion.

I think I have sufficiently proved this man to be a good man, and his wife a good woman, but fearing your memories should fail you, I shall repeat the particulars, viz.—

1. His love to his neighbor. 2. His charity to the poor. 3. His favorableness in his tithes. 4. His goodness to his tenants. 5. His devotion in his prayers, in saying Amen! Amen! Amen!!! to the prayers of Mr. Cole, Mr. Gibbs and myself.

ORIGIN OF PUFFING.—Few persons have an idea of the origin of the word *puff*, as applied to a newspaper article. In France, at one time, the coiffure most in vogue was called a *pouff*. It consisted of the hair raised as high as possible over horse hair cushions, and then ornamented with objects indicative of the tastes and history of the wearer. For instance, the Duchess of Orleans, on her first appearance at court after the birth of a son and heir, had on her pouff a representation in gold and enamel, most beautifully executed, of a nursery. There was the cradle and the baby, the nurse, and a whole host of playthings. Madame de Egmont, the Duke de Richelieu's daughter, after her father had taken Port Mahon, was on her pouff a little diamond fortress, with sentinels keeping guard; the sentinels, by means of mechanism, being made to walk up and down. This advertisement, the pouff, for such it really was, is the origin of the present word *puff*—applied to the inflations of the newspapers.—*Notes and Queries*.

DR. CHANNING ON THE THEATRE.—We can conceive of a theatre, which would be the noblest of all amusements, and would take a high rank among the means of refining the taste and elevating the character of a people. The deep woes, the mighty and terrible passions, and the sublime emotions of genuine tragedy, are fitted to thrill us with human sympathies, with profound interest in our natures, with a consciousness of what man can do, and dare, and suffer, with an awed feeling of the fearful mysteries of life. The soul of the spectator is stirred from its depths; and the lethargy in which so many live, is roused, at least for a time, to some intenseness of thought and sensibility. The drama answers a high purpose when it places us in the presence of the most solemn and striking events of human history, and lays bare to us the human heart in its most powerful, appalling, glorious workings.—*William Ellery Channing, D. D.*

TERIBLY PRACTICAL SELF-DEFENCE.—Mr. Spottiswoode, an English traveller, while in Russia, was told that robbers were bold and numerous, and was thus advised to repel their attacks: "Let one of you have ready at a moment's notice, a large box of snuff, and the other a carving fork. On the appearance of the robbers throw the snuff in their eyes, and while they are blinded and stupefied with the dust and pain, poke hard at them in the face with the fork."

THE AUTHORS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Who are men? and who are heroes?
Who are victors to the last?
They who with unflinching courage
Quell the lions of the past.

They who, phoenix-like, sublimely
Thoughts of winged fire are fed,
Rising from the quivering ashes
Of the buried age of gold!

They who go from town and village—
From the smit and the farm—
Nobler from the signs of labor
Branded on each stalwart arm.

They who go from mart and city—
From the rush and roar of trade—
Go to grapple with the future,
Strong of heart, and undismayed.

They who from the boiling present
Look not back through mist of tears—
Only of the future harvest
Of the golden-fruited years!

Feeling all men are born equal
Only by good deeds made best—
They who strive to win the sequel
That shall crown the nation's blest.

They who nurse a noble scorn
For a never-dying name—
They who hail the glorious morning
Of the arts that keep us brave!

They who with their great endeavors
Build a never-dying name—
They whose thunder-bolts of genius
Wrap this living age in flame!

These are heroes, great and glorious,
From the lowliest haunts of men
Climbing to a height victorious
By the triumphs of the pen!

These, the seekers after knowledge,
Strong of soul to do and dare,
From the workshop and the college
Climbing by a shining stair.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.
Kensington, May 26th, 1857.

RELIGIOUS DANCING.

In the middle ages the public mysteries were usually interspersed with dancing, which seems then, as now, to have been a very serious affair. And in the directions for a grand cathedral service at the Church of La Valliere in Rome, the official mandate says: "This service may be finished with or without a dance"—which indeed may be said of anything else—"if the dance be preferred, it shall come immediately after the Sanctus. And while the hymn to the highest powers is being sung, the four principal dancers shall reverently perform a ballet, accompanied with *caprioles* and *catachisms*, and so after each stanza till the benediction." Strange as this seems to us, we should recollect that even in our own country the common people were at one time played out of church at the end of the sermon by a fiddle, when they formed a dance in the churchyard. "This harmless and pleasing practice," says Rees, "has been totally abolished by the Methodists." The religious origin of dances of this sort is obvious. But dancing has actually formed part of the religion of some persons. There was one Hieronymus among the Gnostics, who, we read, frequently danced himself into so divine a condition, that while fixing his thoughts intently upon any bright star, he was able to project his soul into it, and this he did repeatedly, till one night his wife burnt his body while his soul was away, so that when he came back he found that he had been clandestinely killed during his absence. Nor has the delusion been confined to individuals; for, in 1573, a sect of fanatics arose at Aix la Chapelle, whose creed consisted mainly in dancing, and who, after committing unheard-of crimes, were overpowered and slain by the Elector; and thus, says Prynne, "were sent down to dance with frisking satyrs." The records of the Jumpers and dancing Derivishes furnish similar instances of fanaticism. While we are talking of barbarous and fanatical people, it is curious to observe that the lower any race is in the scale of humanity, the more enamored are they of this amusement. Gallini says, that if one plays a fiddle at the Gold Coast, the inhabitants cannot refrain from dancing. In all savage nations the practice prevails, frequently accompanied with great cruelty and licentiousness. In Ashantee no less than one thousand five hundred persons stand up at once—the king in the midst, beating time on the tom toms, and killing anybody who spoils the figure. The Mexicans likewise dance in large numbers to the sound of wooden drums. The Japanese daub one of their party with filth before commencing a difficult dance, and place him where it requires much address to avoid a disagreeable contact. The Malays, instead of bowing, spit upon their partners' hands when the music strikes up.—*Peripatetic Papers*.

INTRODUCTION OF CARPETS.—Carpets were known in Italy much earlier than in England; in the latter country, indeed, they were not adapted to the habits of the people in the reign of Elizabeth, and we find that even the presence-chamber of that Queen was, according to Hentzner, strewn with hay, by which he meant rushes. The custom was not confined to England, but prevailed even in Italy after carpets had been first introduced. The use of rushes for covering floors, is alluded to frequently by Shakespeare; in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I, Scene 4, the following lines occur:

"Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels."
And Grumio asks, in the Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Scene 1—

"Are the rushes strewn?"

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN THE OLD TIME.—Some of our modern wife-bruizers and woman-scorers might find a gospel for them in the following stanzas. They are cut from an English ballad, called "Old Adam," written two centuries ago:

She was not took out of his head, sir,
To reign and triumph over man;
Nor was she took out of his feet, sir,
By man to be trampled upon.

But she was took out of his side, sir,
His equal and partner to be;
But as they're united in one, sir,
The man is the top of the tree.

THE FATHER OF THE REVOLUTION.—Nothing yet has appeared of Samuel Adams worthy of his exalted merits. He was the great representative revolutionary man of New England, whose soul was on fire, not for self, but for the cause; and full ten years before this 1776 oration, he was the earnest and untiring advocate of Independence. "All good men," wrote his comrade, George Clymer, of Pennsylvania, in 1778, "should raise a statue to him in their hearts." So early did his fame spread!—*Boston Post*.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Several dresses adapted for spring walking costume are now being made up. One, just completed, is composed of violet color silk figured with very narrow black chequers. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces having no ornament of any kind upon them. The corsage is without a basque, but the top flounce is set in at the waist; the corsage is fastened up the front with passementerie gilets, and the sleeves are trimmed with three frills. A cloak of black silk will be worn out of doors with this dress. The cloak fits the figure rather closely at the back and from the waist descends a deep frill. Two rows of narrow passementerie trimming are placed near the edge of the frill, and quite at the edge is suspended a broad row of black silk fringe. The cloak has sleeves, which are very wide at the lower part, and fitting rather closely to the arm at the top. They are trimmed with fringe and rows of passementerie. A bonnet of fancy straw trimmed with green ribbon and green and white flowers, completes the costume.

Dresses of plain silk and poplin, having no trimming on the skirt, are worn, in a quiet style of our door costume, and they are also very suitable for young ladies.

The most fashionable children's costumes recently prepared, include a little dress of green chequered poplin, destined for a girl of seven years of age. There is no trimming on the skirt. The corsage is half high, and is worn with a muslin chemise, ornamented with needlework in section, and reaching to the throat. The corsage is trimmed with revers, and has a small basque. The sleeves are plain, and descend to about the elbow, the lower part of the arm being covered by muslin under-sleeves, closed at the wrist, and consisting of three puffs, separated by bands of needlework insertion.

A dress of black and white chequered silk, intended for slight mourning, has been made for a little girl of ten. The skirt is plain, but very full, and the corsage has a double basque, trimmed with bretteles, edged with black velvet, and in the front there are horizontal rows of black velvet. A bow of the silk composing the dress bordered with black velvet, is placed at the back of the waist.

Of many elegant dresses worn at a recent evening party, one which excited a great share of admiration consisted of silk of a bright pomona green, trimmed with black lace. The skirt was trimmed with flounces of lace, and the flounces were sustained by having under them a bouillon of green tulle. The corsage was ornamented by a double berthe of black lace, trimmed with sprays of foliage, intermingled with red berries, and the short sleeves were trimmed with frills of lace. In the hair were worn bouquets of red berries and flowers, with foliage intermingled. The bracelets consisted of coral, and the fan, of green silk, was ornamented with gold spangles, and edged with green marabout feathers. A black lace scarf thrown on the shoulders completed the costume.

Among the novelties in bonnets which have appeared within the last few days, may be mentioned one composed of blue crape, trimmed with frills of blonde, and on one side a tuft of blue ostrich feathers. In the inside, bouquets of forget-me-not are intermingled with the trimming. Another bonnet consists of crape of three different tints of green, and is trimmed with blonde and violets. The strings are of ribbon figured in three different tones of green. For plain or negligé walking costume, bonnets of flannel and colored straw are most suitable, as well as fashionable. We may mention that green is this season a fashionable color for trimming bonnets and for dresses.—*London Lady's Paper*, May 2nd.

CHINESE AMUSEMENT AT OUR FASHIONS.—Europeans who go to China are apt to consider the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire very odd, and extremely ridiculous, and the prevailing Chinese at Canton and Macao pay back this sentiment with interest. It is very amusing to hear their sarcastic remarks on their appearance, their utter astonishment at the sight of the tight fitting garments, their wonderful trousers and prodigious round hats like chimney pots, their collars adapted to cut off the ears and making a frame around such grotesque faces, long noses and blue eyes, no beard or moustache, but a handful of curly hair on each cheek. The shape of the dress-cost puzzles them about everything. They try in vain to account for calling it a half garment, because it is impossible to make it meet over the breast, and because there is nothing in front to correspond with the tail behind! They admire the judgment and exquisite taste of putting buttons behind the back where they never have anything to button. How much handsomer do they think themselves with their narrow, oblique, black eyes, high cheekbones, and little round noses, their sharp crowns and magnificent pigtails, hanging aloft to their heels! Add to all these natural graces conical hat covered with red fringe, an amputated with large sleeves, and black satin boots with white soles, of immense thickness, and must be evident to all that a European cannot compare in appearance with an inhabitant of the Celestial Empire.

EATING IN ANCIENT GREECE.—The breakfast of a Greek soldier, taken at dawn of day, consisted of bread soaked in wine. Greek patriots sat down daily to but one solid meal; soldiers and plebeians partook of two. They were a counted peculiarly coarse people who consumed three. The Romans were in this respect similar to the Greeks.

Fish did not become a popular article of food in Greece until a comparatively late period, there was a society against "cruelty to fish," by abstaining from devouring what was alleged to make the devourer ferocious and inhuman. With Romans the mullet was prized above other fish. It was sometimes served up a pounds in weight, and such a fish was worth three hundred dollars! It was cooked on the spit, for the benefit and pleasure of the guests. Turbot was next highest in estimation, and occasionally offending slaves were thrown into ponds to feed them.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE UMBRELLA.—The umbrella is an article of great antiquity. It is found among the decorations of the ruins of Pompeii. They were a sign of high rank among the Greeks. Originally they were shades from the sun, but the moisture of our climate has now turn them into shelters from rain.

THE SIX FOLLIES OF SCIENCE.—Three usually said to be the following:—The quantity of the circle; the establishment of perpetual motion; the philosopher's stone, or transmutation of metals; divination or discovery of secrets by magic; and lastly, judicial astrology.

DAY DREAMING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. P. TUCKER.

I have sweet dreams to-day,
Of a dear home that shall, some time, be mine,
All nestled down among the trees and flowers
From scenes of its life away.

I would not have it stand
Where high and mighty palaces are made,
And marble domes, fantastical arrayed,
Seem wonderfully grand.

But in some quiet spot,
Where emerald valleys sleep between the hills,
Mid shady groves and gently murmuring rills,
There would I build my cot.

Even now I seem to see
Its vine-climbed porch, and its unpretending walls,
Where the clear morning sunlight falls,
All gloriously free!

Nor fancy resteth there:
Wander through a garden green and neat,
And gather berries, dew-drops fresh and sweet,
To grace our table fair.

And then, with my own hands,
Arrange the chairs on the cloth of white,
And watch the blushing tea, polished bright,
That on the fender stands.

While toward the little gate
An anxious, oft-repeated glance is cast,
Until the approaching form is near at last,
Whom coming back I wait.

Oh, none but wedded hearts
Can know the pure, deep, life-giving bliss
That a reunion, such as ours, is this,
To the soul imports!

I know that storms may rise,
Yet even this shall not disturb my dream,
For ever all I see the blessed gleam,
The light of loving eyes.

Though all be dark without,
Have I not looked into the Future's glass?
And that prophetic vision will come to pass,
I do not have a doubt.

THE WAR-TRAIL: A ROMANCE OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF THE PLOT OF "THE
WAR-TRAIL," BY THE AUTHOR. In order to
enable new subscribers to the Post, to go on with "The
War-Trail," understandingly, we give the following
brief summary of the previous chapters:

The scene opens on the plaza of a small Mexican hamlet on the banks of the Rio Bravo del Norte, where a troop of American rangers, with their commander, the major of the story, Captain Warfield, are on picket. While the Captain is looking on the singular character of the war with Mexico, then commenced, his attention is attracted by young Mexican rider galloping by, who, when challenged, refused to rein up. Springing upon his horse, the Captain starts in pursuit, and after a hard chase goes within pistol distance, and shoots the steed of the Mexican, who he discovers the latter to be a young and beautiful woman. A colloquy ensues in which she is found to be Isolita de Vargas, the daughter of Don Ramon de Vargas, the wealthy owner of an adjacent hacienda. The colloquy is broken off by the approach of Rafael Jurra, a villainous Mexican, Isolita's cousin, and a lover of her hand. The next day, Captain Warfield receives an order from the Adjutant General, commanding him to proceed with a sufficient number of troops to the hacienda of Don Ramon de Vargas, and there find and drive to the American camp, 5,000 head of beefs. The beefs have been purchased from Don Ramon by secret contract, and in order to prevent any appearance of complicity between him and the Americans, Captain Warfield is to seem to take them by force, and receive a private note of instruction to this effect from Don Ramon himself. This note he happens to lose in the courtyard of the hacienda, while executing his commission, and it falls into the hands of Jurra, thus placing Don Ramon at his (Jurra's) mercy. While in the courtyard, Warfield's lieutenant, Hollingsworth, recognizes in Jurra the murderer of his brother, and a desperate encounter ensues, ending, however, in the escape of the Mexican. Afterwards, Warfield, desperately in love with Isolita, merits her at a ball, converses with her, and is ready to journey at seeing her subsequently in company with Jurra. The next morning, however, he receives a note from her containing a virtual avowal of her love for him, and a request that he should capture a wild stallion, known among hunters and trappers as the white steed of the prairie, and supposed to be a phantom horse. Warfield goes out on the mission with an exulting heart, finds the wild steed, and after a desperate run, comes up with it, and sees it vanish before his eyes on the open prairie. Presently he discovers that the mystery is only seeming. At the point where the white steed had disappeared, he finds a fence in the prairie, leading down to a deep chasm, and knows that by this route, the steed had escaped him. Lost on the prairie, he gets into a fight with a grizzly bear, kills his antagonist, is half killed himself, and swoons away. In this sorry plight he is found by two old comrades, Bill Garey and "Old Rube," both trappers of the most graphic description, who had seen him chasing the white steed, recognized him, and having learned from a Mexican guide sent out by Isolita in search of him, that it was for her he was pursuing the steed, had followed on his trail, fearing he might get lost, and only reached him after his fight with the bear. To his great satisfaction he finds that they have secured the white steed, which he sees picked up with their horses. Thus the object of his chase is won. Various exciting incidents of prairie life ensue, and finally the trio fall in with a band of Mexican guerrillas, come out in pursuit of Warfield, and having among them the jealous and blood-thirsty Jurra. A proposition is made to the trappers to deliver up Warfield, which they scornfully refuse, and hold the Mexicans at bay. At length the Mexicans manage to gain a gigantic bow-shaped rock, called a mesa, set in the middle of the prairie, at the foot of which they fortify themselves, still keeping the entire troop of Mexicans at a safe distance. Ravaged by their fire in front, and the steep rock rising behind them, they contrive, when the night falls, to scale the cliff, leaving their horses below. Once on the summit of the mesa, their purpose is to descend on the other side. Old Rube attempts the descent by a rope formed of their own blood, which breaks midway, and leaves him hanging to the ground. Unhurt, however, and undiscovered by the reconnoitering Mexicans on the other side of the cliff, he escapes to the settlements to fetch Warfield's ranger to the rescue. Garey and Warfield are left on the summit of the cliff, and at the commencement of the following chapter, Jurra and the Mexicans below have received a reinforcement of thirty men.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE INDIAN SPY.

It was past the hour of midnight. The lighting, that for some time had appeared only at long intervals, now ceased altogether. Its fitful glare gave place to a softer, steadier light, for the moon had arisen, and was climbing up the eastern sky. Cumulus clouds still hung in the heavens, slowly floating across the canopy; but their masses were detached, and the azure firmament was visible through the spaces between. The beautiful planet Venus, and here and there a solitary star, twinkled in these blue voids, or beamed through the filmy bordering of the clouds; but the chiefs of the constellations alone were visible. The moon's disc was clear and all defined, whiter from contrast with the dark ground; and her beam frosted the prairie till the grass looked bare. There was neither mist nor mirage; the electric fluid had purged the atmosphere of its gases, and the air was cool, limpid, and bracing. Though the moon had passed the full, so brilliant was her beam, that an object could have been distinguished far off upon the plain, whose silvery level extended on all sides

to the horizon. The thick black clouds, however, moving silently over the sky, occasioned long intervals of eclipse, during which the prairie, as before, was shrouded in sombre darkness.

Up to this time, Garey and I had remained by the head of the little gorge, through which we had ascended. The moon was behind us, for the guerilla was on the western side of the mesa. The shadow of the mound was thrown far out upon the plain, and just beyond its well-defined edge was the line of sentinels, thickly posted. On our knees among the low shrubbery, we were unseen by them, while we commanded a perfect view of the whole troop, as they smoked, chattered, shouted, and sang—for they gave such tokens of their jovial humor.

After quietly watching for some time Garey left me to take a turn round the summit, and reconnoiter the opposite or eastern side. In that direction lay the rancheria; and if the picket was still stationed there, we might soon expect the rescue. My rangers were not the men to tarry, called forth on such a purpose; and, under Rube's guidance, they would be most likely to make their approach by the rear of the mound. Garey, therefore, went in that direction to make his reconnaissance.

He had not parted from me more than a minute, when a dark object out upon the plain attracted my glance. I fancied it was the figure of a man; it was prostrate and flattened against the ground, just as Old Rube had appeared when making his escape! Surely it was not he? I had but an indistinct view of it, for it was full six hundred yards from the mesa, and directly beyond the line of the guerrillas. Just then a cloud crossing the moon's disc, shrouded the plain, and the dark object was no more visible.

I kept my eyes fixed on the spot, and waited for the returning light. When the cloud passed, the figure was no longer where I had at first noticed it; but nearer to the horsesmen I perceived the same object, and in the same attitude as before! It was now within less than two hundred yards of the Mexican line, but a bunch of tufted grass appeared to shelter it from the eyes of the guerrillas, as none of them gave any sign that it was perceived by them. From my elevated position, the grass did not conceal it. I had a clear view of the figure, and was certain it was the body of a man, and, still more, of a naked man, for it glistened under the sheen of the moonlight, as only a naked body would have done.

Up to this time I had fancied, or rather feared, it might be Rube, I say feared—for I had no wish to see Rube, upon his return, present himself in that fashion. Surely he would not come back alone! And why should he be thus playing the spy, since he already knew the exact position of our enemy?

The apparition puzzled me, and I was for a while in doubt. But the naked body reassured me. It could not be Rube. The skin was of a dark hue, but so was that of the old trapper. Though born white, the sun, dirt, gunpowder, and grease, with the smoke of many a prairie-fire, had altered Rube's complexion to the true copper-tint; and in point of color, he had but little advantage over a full-blooded Indian. But Rube would not have been naked; he never doffed his buckskins. Besides, the oily glitter of that body was not Rube's; his "hide" would not have shone so under the moonlight. No; the prostrate form was not his.

Another cloud cast new shadows; and while these continued, I saw no more of the skulking figure. As the moon again shone forth, I perceived that it was gone from behind the tuft of grass. I scanned the ground in the immediate neighborhood. It was not to be seen; but on looking further out, I could just distinguish the figure of a man, bent forward and rapidly gliding away. I followed it with my eyes until it disappeared in the distance, as though it had melted into the moonlight.

While gazing over the distant plain in the direction whence the figure had retreated, I was startled at beholding, not one but many forms dimly outlined upon the prairie edge.

"It was Rube," thought I; "and yonder are the rangers!"

I strained my eyes to their utmost. They were horsemen beyond a doubt; but to my astonishment, instead of being close together, one followed another in single file, until a long line was traced against the sky like the links of a gigantic chain. Except in the narrow defile, or the forest path, my rangers never rode in that fashion. It could not be them?

At this crisis, a new thought came into my mind. More than once in my life had I witnessed a spectacle similar to that now under my eyes—more than once had I looked upon it with dread. That spectral line was an old acquaintance; it was a band of Indian warriors on their midnight march—upon the war-trail!

The actions of the spy were explained; he was an Indian runner. The party to whom he belonged was about to approach the mesa—perhaps with the design of encamping there—he had been sent forward to reconnoiter the ground.

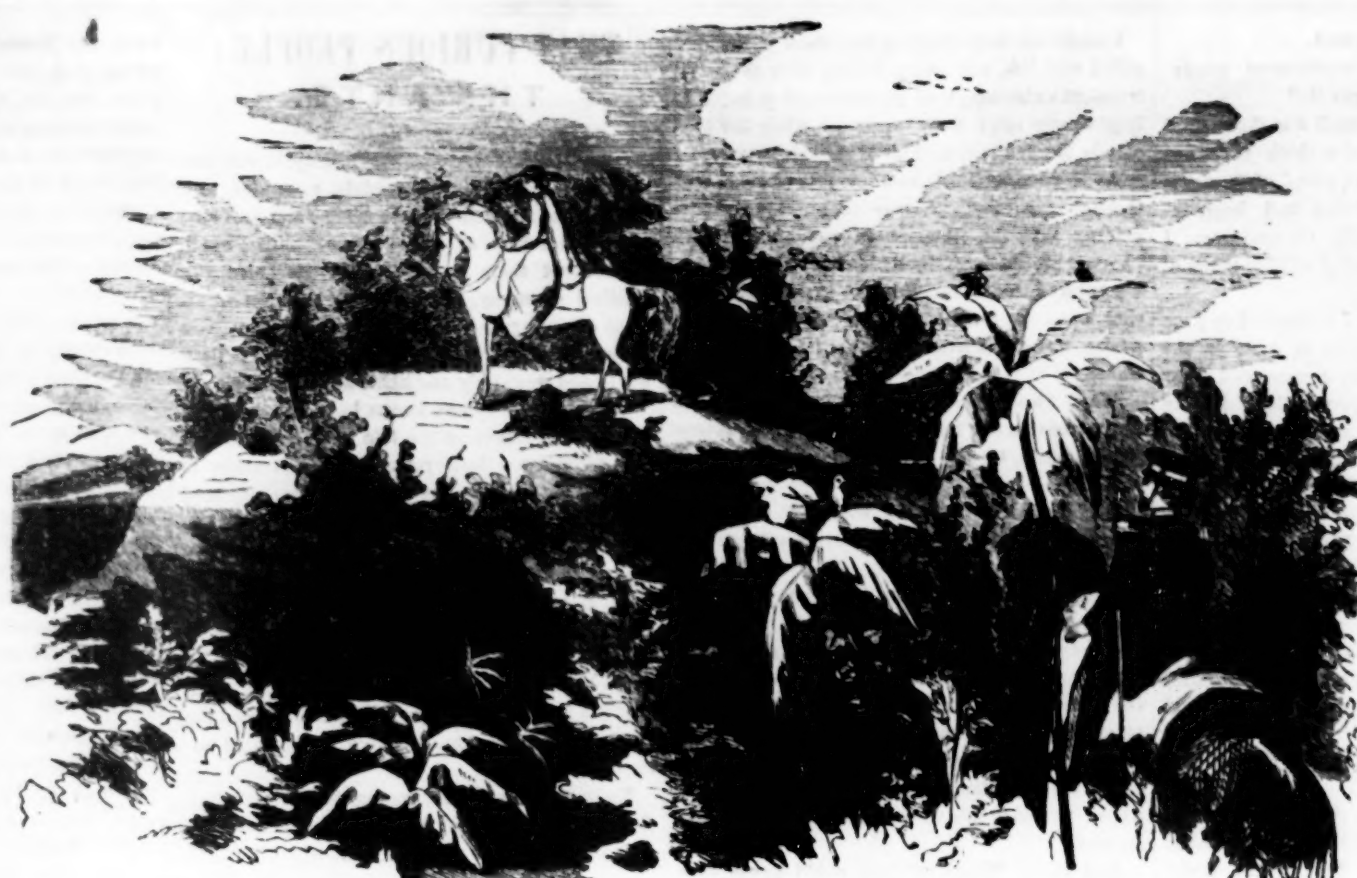
What effect his tale would have, I could not guess. I could see that the horsemen were halted—perhaps awaiting the return of their messenger. They were too distant to be seen by the Mexicans; and the minute after, they were also invisible to my eyes upon the darkly shadowed prairie.

Before communicating with Garey, I resolved to wait for another gleam of moonlight, so that I might have a more distinct story to tell.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE TRIANGULAR FIGHT.

It was nearly a quarter of an hour before the cloud moved away; and then, to my surprise, I saw a clump of horses—not horsemen—upon the prairie, and scarcely half a mile distant from the mesa! Not one of them was mounted, and to all appearance, it was a drove of wild-horses that had galloped up during the interval of darkness, and were now standing silent and motionless.



ISOLITA IN THE GLADE.

I strained my eyes upon the distant prairie, but the dim horsemen were no longer to be seen. They must have ridden off beyond the range of vision?

I was about to seek my comrade and communicate to him what had passed, when, on rising to my feet, I found him standing by my side. He had been all around the summit without seeing anything, and had returned to satisfy himself that the guerilla was still quiet.

"Hillo!" he exclaimed, as his eyes fell upon me. "What the darnation's yonder? A drove o' wild horses? It's mighty strange them niggers don't notice 'em! By the eternal—"

I know not what Garey meant to have said. His words were drowned by the wild yell that broke simultaneously from the Mexican line; and the next moment the whole troop were seen springing to their saddles, and putting themselves in motion.

We of course supposed that they had just discovered the caballada of wild horses, and it was that that was producing this sudden stampede. What was our astonishment on perceiving that we ourselves were the cause of the alarm: for the guerrillas, instead of fronting the plain, rode closer up to the cliff, and screaming wildly, fired their carbines at us! Among the rest, we could distinguish the great gun of El Zorro, and the hiss of its leaden bullet, as it passed close to our ears!

We were puzzled at first to know how they had discovered us. A glance explained that the moon had risen higher in the heavens, and the shadow cast by the mound had been gradually foreshortened. While gazing out at the caballada, we had incautiously kept our feet, and our figures, magnified to gigantic proportion, were thrown forward upon the plain directly under the eyes of our enemies. They had but to look up to see us where we stood.

Instantly we knelt down among the bushes, clutching our rifles. The surprise occasioned by our appearance upon the cliff seemed to have deprived our enemies, for the moment, of their habitual prudence, as several of them rode boldly within range. Perhaps they were some of the late arrivals. In the dark shadow, we could not make out their forms; but one had the misfortune to be mounted on a white horse, and that guided the trapper's aim. I saw him glancing along his barrel, and heard the sharp crack. I fancied I heard a stifled groan from below, and the next moment the white horse was seen galloping out into the moonlight, but the rider was no longer upon his back.

Another cloud passed over the moon, and the plain was again shrouded from our sight. Garey was proceeding to reload, when a cry arose amid the darkness, that caused him to pause and listen. The cry was again repeated, and then uttered continuously with that wild intonation which can alone proceed from the throat of the savage. It was not the guerrilla that was uttering that cry; it was the yell of the Indian warrior.

"Comanche war-hoop!" cried Garey, after listening a moment. "Comanche war-hoop! by the eternal! Hoowah! the Indians are upon 'em!"

Amidst the cries, we could hear the rapid trampling of horses, and the ground appeared to vibrate under the quick, heavy tread. Each moment the strokes sounded nearer.

The savages were charging the guerrilla! The moon shot forth from the cloud. There was no longer a doubt. The wild horses were mounted; each carried an Indian, naked to the waist, his painted body glaring red in the moonlight, and terrible to behold.

By this time the Mexicans had all mounted, and faced towards the unexpected foe, but with evident signs of irresolution in their ranks. They would never stand the charge—no, never! So said Garey; and he was right.

The savages had advanced within less than a hundred paces of the Mexican line, when they were observed to pull suddenly up. It was but a momentary halt—just time enough to enable them to mark the formation of their foes, and send a flight of arrows into their midst. That done, they dashed onward, uttering their wild yells, and brandishing their long spears.

The guerrillas only waited to discharge their carbines and escopettes; they did not think of reloading. Most of them flung away their guns as soon as they had fired, and the retreat began. The whole troop turned its back upon the enemy, and spurring their horses to a gallop, came sweeping round the base of the mesa in headlong flight.

The Indians, uttering their demonic yells, followed as fast. They were rendered more furious that their hated foe was likely to escape them. The latter were indebted to us for having put them on the alert. But for that circumstance, the Indians would have charged them while dismounted, and far different might have been their fate. Mounted and ready for flight, most of them would probably get clear.

The moment we saw the direction the chase was about to take, Garey and I rushed across the summit to that side. From the brow of the precipice, our view was perfect, and we could see both parties as they passed along its base directly below us. Both were riding in straggling clumps, and scarcely two hundred paces separated the rearward of the pursued from the head-

most of the pursuers. The latter still uttered their war-cry, while the former now rode in silence—their breath bound, and their voices hushed in the death-like stillness of terror.

All at once a cry arose from the guerilla—short, quick, and despairing—the voice of some new consternation; at the same moment, the whole troop were seen to pull up.

We looked for the cause of this extraordinary conduct; our eyes and ears both guided us to the explanation. From the opposite direction, and scarcely three hundred yards distant, appeared a band of horsemen coming up at a gallop. They were right in the moon's eye, and we could see glancing arms, and hear loud voices. The hoofs could be heard pounding the prairie, and my companion and I recognized the heavy tread of the American horse. Still more certain were we about that hoarse "hurrah." Neither Indian nor Mexican could have uttered that well-known shout.

"Hoowah!—the rangers!" cried Garey, as he echoed the cry at the full pitch of his voice.

The guerrillas, stupefied by surprise at sight of this new enemy, had paused for a moment—no doubt fancying it was another party of Indians. Their halt was of short duration; the dim light favored them; rifles already played upon their ranks; and suddenly wheeling to the left, they struck out into the open plain.

The Indians, seeing them turn off, leaned into the diagonal line to intercept them; but the rangers, already close up, had just made a similar movement, and savage and Saxon were now obliging towards each other!

The moon, that for some minutes had been yielding but a faint light, became suddenly eclipsed by a cloud, and the darkness was now greater than ever. Garey and I saw no more of the strife; but we heard the shock of the opposing blades; we heard the war-whoop of the savage mingling with the ranger's vengeful shout; we heard the "crack, crack, crack" of yager rifles, and the quick detonations of revolvers—the clashing of sabre-blades upon spear-shafts—the ringing of breaking steel—the neighing of steeds—the victor's cry of triumph—and the deep, anguished groan of the victim.

With anxious hearts, and nerves excited to their utmost, we stood upon the cliff, and listened to these sounds of dread import.

Not long did they last. The fierce struggle was soon over. When the moon gleamed forth again, the battle was ended. Prostrate forms, both of man and horse, were lying upon the plain. The rangers had triumphed.

"Whur ur ye, Bill?" cried a voice from the bottom of the cliff, which both of us easily recognized.

"Hyar I be," answered Garey.

"Wal, we've gin them Injuns goss, I reck'n; but cuss the luck, the yell-bellies have got clur off. Wag!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

A CHAPTER OF EXPLANATIONS.

The fight could not have lasted more than ten minutes. The whole skirmish had the semblance of a moonlight dream, interrupted by interludes of darkness. So rapid had been the movements of the forces engaged, that after the first fire not a gun was reloaded. As for the guerrillas, the Indian war-cry seemed to have shaken the pieces out of their hands, for the ground where they had first broken off was literally strewn with carbines, escopettes and lances. The great gun of El Zorro was found among the spoils.

Notwithstanding the shortness of the affair, it proved sufficiently tragical to both Mexicans and Indians: five of the guerrillas had bit the dust, and twice that number of savage warriors lay lifeless upon the plain—their bodies glaring naked under the red war paint, as if shrouded in blood. The Mexicans lay near the foot of the mesa, having fallen under the first fire of the Rangers, delivered as they galloped up. The Indians were farther out upon the plain, where they had dropped to the thick, rapid detonations of the revolvers, that, so long as the warriors held their ground, played upon them with fearful effect. They may have heard of this weapon, and perhaps have seen a revolver in the hands of some trapper or traveller, but, to my knowledge, it was the first time they had ever encountered a band of men armed with so terrible a power to destroy; for the Rangers were indeed the first military organization that carried Colt's pistol into battle—the high cost of the arm having deterred the Government from extending it to other branches of the service.

Nor did the Rangers themselves come unscathed out of the fight; two had dropped dead out of their saddles, pierced by the Comanche's spear; while nearly a dozen were more or less severely wounded by arrows.

While Quackenbush was climbing the cliff, Garey and I found time to talk over the strange incidents to which we had been witness. We were aided by explanations from below, but,

without those, we had no difficulty in comprehending all. The Indians were a band of Comanches, as their war-cry had already made known to us. Their arrival on the ground at that moment was purely accidental, so far as we or the Mexicans were concerned; it was a war-party, and upon the war-trail, with the intention of relieving a rich Mexican town on the other side of the Rio Grande, some twenty leagues from the rancheria. Their spy had discovered the horsemen by the mesa, and made them out to be Mexicans—a foe which the lordly Comanche holds in supreme contempt. Not so contemptible in his eyes are Mexican horses, silver-studded saddles, spangled scarves, bangs of fine cloth, bell buttoned breeches, arms and accoutrements; and it was to sweep this paraphernalia that the attack had been made; though hereditary hatred

of the Spanish race—old as the Conquest—and revenge for more recent wrongs, were of themselves sufficient motives to have impelled the Indians to their hostile attempt. All this we learned from one of their braves, who remained wounded upon the ground, and who, upon closer examination, turned out to be a *ci-devant* Mexican captive, now completely Indianized!

Fortunately for the Mexican town, the savages, thus checked, abandoned their design, and returned to their mountain fastnesses, sadly humbled.

The rest of the affair was still of easier explanation to Garey and myself. Rube, as we conjectured, had arrived safe at the rancheria; and in ten minutes after his story had been told, fifty Rangers, with Hollingsworth at their head, rode rapidly for the mesa. Rube had guided them with his usual craft. Like the Indians, they had been moving forward during the intervals of darkness; but, coming in the opposite direction, they had kept the mound between them and their foe, and, trusting to this advantage, were in hopes of taking the guerrillas by surprise. They had approached almost within charging distance, when the war-whoop of the savage sounded in their ears, and they were met by the retreating band. Knowing that all who came that way must be enemies, they delivered their fire upon the approaching horsemen, and then galloping forward, found themselves face to face with the painted warriors of the plains. The mutual surprise of Rangers and Indians, caused by the unexpected rencontre, proved a happy circumstance for the cowardly guerrilla, who, during the short halt of their double pursuers, and the confused fight that followed, were enabled to gallop off beyond reach of pursuit.

It was a curious conjecture what would have been the result, had the Rangers not arrived on the ground. Certainly the Indians would have rescued us from our not less savage foes. My companion and I might have remained undiscovered, but we should have lost our precious horses. As it was, we were soon once more upon their backs; and, free from all thought of peril, now joyfully turned our faces toward the rancheria.

Wheatley rode by my side. Hollingsworth, with a party, remained upon the ground to collect the spoils, and bury our unfortunate comrades. As we moved away, I turned, and for a moment gazed back on the scene of strife. I saw Hollingsworth dismounted on the plain. He was moving among the bodies of the five guerrillas; one after another, he turned them over, till the moon glared upon their ghastly features. So odd were his movements, and so earnest did he appear, that one might have fancied him engaged in searching for a fallen friend, or more like some prowling robber intent upon stripping the dead! But neither object was his—the contrary, he was searching for a foe. He found him not. After scanning the features of all five, he was seen to turn away, and the unconcerned manner in which he moved from the spot, told that he whom he sought was not among the slain.

"The news, Wheatley?"

"News, Cap? Grand news, by thunder! It appears we have been barking up the wrong tree—at least so thinks President Polk. They say we can't reach Mexico on this line; so we're all going to be drawn off, and shipped to some port further down the Gulf—Vera Cruz, I believe."

"Ah! grand news, indeed!"

"I don't like it a bit," continued Wheatley; "the less so since it is rumored that Old Rough and Ready is to be recalled, and we're to be commanded by that book martinet, Scott. It's shabby treatment of Taylor, after what the old vet has accomplished. They're afraid of him setting up for President next go. Hang their politics! It's a confounded shame, by thunder!"

I could partly understand Wheatley's reluctance to be ordered upon the new line of operations. The gay lieutenant was never troubled with ennui; his leisure hours he contrived to pass pleasantly enough in company with Conchita, the plump, dark-eyed daughter of the alcalde; more than once I had unwittingly interrupted them. The rancheria, with its mud huts and dusty lanes, in the eyes of the Texas, was a city of gilded palaces, its streets paved with gold. It was Wheatley's heaven, and Conchita was the angel who inhabited it. Little as either he or I had held the post at first, neither of us desired a change of quarters.

As yet, no order had arrived to call the picket in, but my companion affirmed that the camp-rumor was a substantial one, and believed that we might expect such a command at any moment.

"What say they of me?" I inquired.

"Of you, Cap? Why, nothing. What do you expect them to say of you?"

"Surely there has been some talk about my absence?"

"Oh, that! No, not a word, at least at headquarters, for the simple reason, that you're not yet reported missing."

"Ah! that is good news; but how—"

"Why, the truth is, Hollingsworth and I thought we might serve you better by keeping the thing dark—at all events, till we should be sure you were dead lost. We hadn't given up

all hope. The greaser who guided you out, brought back word that two trappers had gone after you. From his description, I knew that queer old case Rube, and was satisfied that if anything remained of you, he was the man to find it."

"Thanks, my friend! you have acted well; your discreet conduct will save me a world of mortification."

"No other news?" I inquired after a pause.

"No," said Wheatley; "none worth telling. Oh, yes!" he continued, suddenly recollecting himself, "there is a bit. You remember those hang-dog greasers that used to loaf about the village when we first came? Well, they're gone, by thunder! every mother's son of them clean ransomed from the place, and not a grease-spot left of them. You may walk through the whole settlement without seeing a Mexican, except the old men and the women. I asked the alcalde where they had cleared to; but the old chap only shook his head, and drawled out his eternal 'Quien sabe!' Of course they're off to join some band of guerrillas. By thunder! when I think of it, I wouldn't wonder if they were among that lot we've just scattered. Sure as shootin', they are! I saw Hollingsworth examine the five dead ones as we rode off. He'll know them, I guess, and can tell us if any of our old acquaintances are among them."

Knowing more of this matter than Wheatley himself, I enlightened him as to the guerrillas and their leader.

"Thought so, by thunder! Rafael Jurra! No wonder Hollingsworth was so keen to start—in such a hurry to reach the mound, he forgot to tell me who we were after. Deuce take it! what fools we've been to let these fellows slide. We should have strung up every man of them when we first reached the place—we should, by thunder!"

For some minutes, we rode on in silence. Twenty times a question was upon my lips, but I refrained from putting it, in hopes that Wheatley might have something more to tell me—something of more interest than aught he had yet communicated. He remained provokingly silent.

With the design of drawing him out, I assumed a careless air, and inquired:

"Have we had no visitors at the post? Any one from the camp?"

"Not a soul," replied he, and again relapsed into meditative silence.

"No visitors whatever? Has no one inquired for me?" I asked, determined to come boldly to the point.

"No," was the discouraging reply. "Oh, stay; oh, stay, indeed!" he added, correcting himself, while I could perceive that he spoke in a peculiar tone. "Yes, you were inquired for."

"By whom?" asked I, in a careless drawl.

"Well, that I can't tell," answered the lieutenant, in an evident tone of badinage; "but there appears to be somebody mighty uneasy about you. A slip of a Mexican boy has been backward and forward something less than a million of times. It's plain somebody sends the boy; but he's a close little shaver that same—won't tell either who sends him, or what's his business; he only inquires if you have returned, and looks dead down in the month when he's told no. I have noticed that he comes and goes on the road that leads to the hacienda."

The last words were spoken with a distinct emphasis. "We might have arrested the little fellow as a spy," continued Wheatley, in a tone of quiet irony, "but we fancied he might have been sent by some friend of yours."

The speaker concluded with another marked emphasis, and under the moonlight I could see a smile playing across his features. More than once I had "chaffed" my lieutenant about Conchita; he was having his revenge.

I was not in a mood to take offence; my companion could have taken any liberty with me at that moment—his communication had fallen like sweet music upon my ears, and I rode forward with the proud consciousness that I was not forgotten. Isolita was true.

Soon after, my eyes rested upon a shining object; it was the gilded vane of the little capilla, and beneath glistened the white walls of the hacienda, bathed in the milky light of the moon. My heart beat with strange emotions as I gazed upon the well-known mansion, and thought of the lovely jewel which that bright casnet contained. Was she asleep? Did she dream? Of what—of whom, was she dreaming?

CHAPTER XLIV.

DUTCH LIEGE IN A DIFFICULTY.

The soft, blue light of morning was just perceptible along the eastern horizon as we rode into the rancheria. I no longer felt hunger. Some of the more provident of the rangers had brought with them well-filled haversacks, and had made me welcome to the contents. From their canteens I had satisfied my thirst, and Wheatley as usual carried his free flask.

Relieved of the protracted strain upon my nerves of fear and vigil—I felt deadly weary, and, scarcely undressing, I flung myself upon my leather couch, and at once fell asleep.

A few hours' repose had the desired effect, and restored both the strength of my body and the vigor of my mind. I awoke full of health and hope. A world of sweet anticipations was before me. The sky and fortune were both smiling.

I made my toilet with some care—my dressings with less—and then, with lighted cigar, ascended to my favorite lounge on the azotea.

The beautiful captive was in the midst of a crowd, proudly curving his neck, as if conscious of the admiration he excited. The rangers, the poblanos, the hucksters of the plaza, even some sulky leproses stood near, gazing with wondering eyes upon the wild-horse.

"Splendid present!" thought I—"worthy the acceptance of a princess!"

It had been my intention to make the offering in person—hence the care bestowed upon my toilet. After more mature reflection, I abandoned this design. I was influenced by a variety of considerations—one, among others, being a delicate apprehension that a personal visit from me might compromise the family at the hacienda. The patriotic sentiment was every day growing more intense. Even the acceptance of a present was a dangerous matter; but the seed was not to be a gift—only a return for the favorite that had fallen by my hand—and I was not to appear in the character of a donor.

My sable groom, therefore, would convey the beautiful captive. Already the white lace, formed into a halter, was adjusted around the animal's head, and the negro boy only awaited orders to lead him away.

eyes gleamed in his purple palm—a handsome perquisite.

and fro by the light breeze, mingling their scents
and their perfume with the floral *epiphytes* and
parasites that clustered around the branches.

ever invade the country with more than two thousand soldiers. The laughter which ensued smothered the resolution.

anguine city. The besieged acted on the defensive, and suffered themselves to be slaughtered without mercy. After the first brush, and

herd, from whence they can better see their subjects feeding in the plain below. The Indians eat the white ants, and uncommonly good eating

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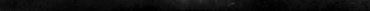
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Wit and Humor.

JOCULARITY MADE EASY.

It is with deep pain that we observe the difficulties under which many of our brethren of the press, young men at small parties, humorous clergymen, and others, who desire to be considered "genial" spirits, labor in order to win a reputation as wits, to enliven the column of wit and humor, an anniversary meeting, or an evening. Now, joking is perhaps one of the most easily acquired accomplishments in the world. Of course, it has its rules and its figures, like rhetoric, logic, and other branches of belles lettres.

To approach the subject properly, we will begin with the beginning. The first and easiest form of joking is

TRANSPPOSITION.

This consists in merely exchanging the first syllables or letters of a phrase. We know of one gentleman of our acquaintance, who has the reputation of a humorist, merely because he invariably calls for a scotch of both ale, instead of a bottle of Scotch ale. We have reason to think that he is disgusted with the liquid, but he always drinks it when in company, for the sake of the joke. He may drink himself into a drowsy on it, but he has the fame of being a wit. Another friend has the Editor's Bureau of a dollar magazine to do, on the strength of having originated the amusing phrase—"dif of bittence." So that there is both fame and money to be acquired through the medium of this species of wit. Variations of this form of jocularity may be indulged in to any extent desired by the aspirant for humorous honors. Thus they can sometimes be put in the form of conundrums. We give a few examples:

Con.—What is the difference between a lit breakfast for two at a boarding house and a port-manteau?

Ans.—One is cold hank for two—the other is for to hold cash.

Con.—What is the difference between the Pope's barber and an insane circus rider?

Ans.—One is a shaving Roman and the other is a raring shaven.

Con.—What is the difference between an earnest clergyman at a camp-meeting and a gluttonous man?

Ans.—One dies at sinners and the other sins at sinners.

Con.—What is the difference between the look out in the City Hall steeple and a schoolmaster's switch?

Ans.—One rings a bell and the other brings a yell.

[This is quite near enough to bring the usual sound of applause and screams of laughter—though at first blush it may seem like a Jersey pearl—slightly imperfect.]

We will not proceed any further. We are sure, from the present examples, the student of the art may perfectly comprehend Transposition, which at present is a most popular style of humor.

We may as well state here, that these remarks are condensed from a forthcoming work by Professor Krautast, entitled "Joking, in Six Easy Lessons, for Beginners." It is now in press, and will be published as soon as the author can pay the printer's bill.—N. Y. Pic.

WHAT KEPT RORY FROM CONFESSING.—"What may be the cause," said an Irish curate to his parish clerk, "what keeps Rory O'Kegan from confession, an' from the church service, Peter Murphy?"

"A sad matter it is, your honor—it's himself that's got into a very bad way, anyhow."

"Och, Peter," said the curate, "is it Deism?"

"Worse, ye may depend," said the worthy clerk.

"Sowl o' me, I trust it's not Atheism, or the like o' that, Peter," exclaimed the pastor.

"Worse."

"An' what in the name o' nature can it be?" cried the astonished minister.

"By the powers, an' it's rheumatism," replied Peter Murphy, "an' so it is."

A BRACE OF BOY'S COMPOSITIONS.—A distinguished Georgian lawyer says that in his younger days he taught a boy's school, and requiring the pupils to write compositions, he sometimes received some of a peculiar sort, of which the following is a specimen:

"ON INDUSTRY.—It is bad for a man to be idle. Industry is the best thing a man can have, and a wife is the next. Prophets and kings desired it long, and died without the side. The End."

Here is another:

"ON THE SEASONS.—There are four seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter. They are all pleasant. Some people like spring best; but as for me give me liberty or give me death. The End."

POOR FELLOW.—Mr. George Washington Makewright's moustache is no better than formerly, and on Wednesday night last received a terrible blow. He was passing the evening with a small family party, when a game of blind-man's bluff was proposed, and freely entered into. At the end of the game, Mr. Makewright's adored one, who was present, and had got her toilet decidedly disarranged, said to him laughingly: "Dear me—only see my hair! I declare, it is just like your moustache." "In what way?" asked Mr. Makewright, proud she could recognize the existence of that feeble ornament.

"Why," she replied, "it's all down!" "Don't you see, it is all down!" Mr. Makewright shaved his upper lip on Thursday morning.—N. Y. Picaresque.

A JOCULAR JUDGE.—At the winter assizes, at Chester, there was a noise in the passage occasioned by some ladies endeavoring to gain admission to the court.

Baron Alderson: "Let the passage be cleared. If I were a lady, I should have no desire to come and hear a man tried for his life; but that is a matter of taste. At any rate, if they want to gratify their curiosity, let them do so quietly."

The usher: "But they can't do it, my lord." (Laughter.)

His Lordship: "I know they can't." (Renewed laughter.)—English Paper.

DOO'S NAME.—An extraordinary name was given to her dog by a lady in the far West. "Moreover, moreover!" said she.

"Why, madam," said a traveller who happened to be at her cabin, "where did you get such a remarkable name?"

"The name's a Scripture name," replied the good dame.

"Will you please to tell me where you find it?" inquired the traveller.

"Why, in the book of Tobit, to be sure—Moreover, the dog—that's the dog's name, ain't it?"—Boston Courier.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S OPINION ON A GEOLOGICAL POINT.

"What is the meaning of 'scratched gneiss'?" said Ike, stopping in the perusal of Dr. Kane's work, as his eye was attracted by a picture of a rock thus indicated. The old lady had listened to some passages of the book, which he had read to her, with tearful interest. "It must be," said she, after a few moments reflection, "where they scratched 'em, in climbing up over the rocks." "Scratched what?" cried Ike, interrupting her. "Their knees," replied she. "Who said knees?" responded he saucily; "I said gneiss—g-n-e-i-s-s—what's that?" "I guess it means knees," said she, "the printer has spelt it wrong. It is strange what queer arrows they do make in printing. They were in their bare skins, you know, and got their knees scratched. How cold they must have been, to be sure." Ike turned to the picture of Accommodah and asked her if he was in his bare skin, emphasizing the word "bare," and asked her too if she had lived so long in the world and didn't know the difference between a bare skin and a bear skin. What knowledge the youngster evinced! He could show his grandmother how to suck eggs! Mrs. Partington looked gravely at him. "I could know very easily what a bare skin was," said she, "if I was to treat you as you deserve for your disrespect." Ike seemed penitent, and she gave him a three cent piece to save till he got enough to put into the Five Cent Savings Bank.

PHOTOGRAPH.—The following is a stanza as patetically sung by a prima donna at a New York concert. Those familiar with the song of the "Old Arm Chair," as sung by Russell, may discover a slight resemblance:

Hi lo-hove it, hi lo-hove it,
And who-so-sha-hall da-hare
To-ho cut-hi-side me for lo-hoving
That o-ho hold-a-harm cha-hair?

Useful Receipts.

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS IN WATER.—Mix a little carbonate of soda with the water, and it will preserve flowers for a fortnight, but the water in flower-pots should be changed every day in summer or it will become offensive and unhealthy, even if there is salt in them.

TO KEEP FOWLS FREE OF VERMIN.—There are several kinds that infest the hen. By attending to the following remedy they will be entirely kept clear. First of all if in confinement in the dust corner of the poultry house mix about half a pound of black sulphur among the sand and lime that they dust in. This will both keep them free from parasites and will give the feathers a glossy appearance. If infested with the insects damp the skin under the feathers with a little water, then sprinkle a little black sulphur on the skin. Let a bird be covered with these insects, and they will all disappear in the course of twelve hours. Also previous to sitting a hen, if the nest be slightly sprinkled with the sulphur, there is no fear of the hen being annoyed during incubation, neither will the chickens be annoyed by them. Many a fine hatched brood pines away and dies through nothing else, when no one knows the cause. Having had an ostrich under my care that was pining, when looking into his feathers I observed thousands of the parasites. I employed tobacco-water, also lime-water, under my then master's orders to no effect. In his absence I well damped him, and sprinkled him under the feathers with black sulphur, when next day they were examined by a microscope, and every one was dead. Having had some macaws, also parrots that were addicted to biting off their feathers, I employed the black sulphur by well syringing them with water, then sprinkling the sulphur over their skins. If tame, sponge the skins, then rub gently with the points of the fingers with the sulphur every other day for about a fortnight, when the parrot or macaw will cease to destroy his plumage. It is not a remedy that has not been proved, for I have used it these two years with success.—John Douglas, professional breeder, in the London Field newspaper.

CURE FOR CAKED UDDER IN COWS.—Common soft soap, rubbed on, at, or after milking times, for two or three days—an article always on hand in every farmer's house, and fully equal to arnica.—Correspondent of the Country Gentleman.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—First dose, 1 ounce of elecampane root, boiled in 1 pint of milk until reduced to ½ pint. Second dose (to be taken two days after the first), 1½ ounces of elecampane root in 1 pint of milk, boiled as the first. Third dose, the same as the second (to be taken two days after); in all, three doses.—Correspondent of the New York Tribune.

CURE FOR RINGBONE.—The editor of the London "Field" says there is nothing so likely to cure ringbone as an ointment composed of biniodide of mercury, 2 drachms; lard, 1 ounce. On the following day apply soft soap, rubbing it on gently with the hand; leave it there until it falls off itself. Be sure to purchase the biniodide at a first-rate druggist's, and keep it in a glass-stopped bottle.

TO CLEANSE THE INSIDE OF JARS.—There is frequently some trouble in cleansing the inside of jars that have had sweetmeats, or other articles put in them for keeping, and that when empty were wanted for future use. This can be done in a few minutes without scraping or soaking, by filling up the jars with hot water, (it need not be scalding hot), and then stirring in a teaspoonful or more of pearlash. Whatever of the former contents has remained sticking upon the sides and bottom of the jar will immediately be seen to disengage itself, and float loose through the water. Then empty the jar at once, and if any of the former odor remains about it, fill it again with warm water and let it stand undisturbed a few hours, or till next day; then empty it again, and rinse it with cold water. Wash phials in the same manner. Also the inside of kettles, or anything which you wish to purify or clear from grease expeditiously and completely. If you cannot conveniently obtain pearlash, the same purpose may be answered nearly as well by filling the vessel with strong ley, poured off clear from the wood-ashes. For legs, buckets, crocks, or other large vessels, ley may be always used.

THE INVENTOR OF BOTTLED ALE.—An English Dean, named Nowell, who flourished in the turbulent reign of Queen Mary, was the accidental inventor of bottled ale. He was out fishing with a bottle of the freshly drawn beverage at his side, when intelligence reached him that his life was in danger. He threw down his fishing rod, buried his bottle of ale in the grass, and fled. Afterwards reclaiming his bottle the cork flew out at the touch, and the dean was so delighted with the creamy condition of the ale that he took good care thereafter to be supplied with the "same sort."



DANGERS OF COPYING AFTER THE BEST OF PATTERNS.

MAMMA.—Now, you naughty boy, do you want to set yourself afire, playing with the tongs and poker?

IMITATIVE YOUTH.—Didn't you tell me always to do as Pop does? Pop stirs up the fire when it looks lazy.

Agricultural.

SEASONABLE HINTS BY DOWNING.

The late A. J. Downing, who was burnt up in the steamer "Henry Clay," on the Hudson, some four or five years ago, was the acknowledged king of horticulturists. The following advice from him is full of wisdom:

If you wish to raise the earliest vegetables, or get the best growth possible in an annual plant, be sure to use well rotted manure. The chemists may say what they please about the loss of ammonia and the gases, and what they say about the actual waste in letting manure rot before using it, is true enough, doubtless; but, setting that aside, practice has told me, time and again, that I can get a crop of peas four or five days earlier than my neighbors, in the same soil, by using a manure a year old, and quite fine, when they use it almost as fresh as when it first comes from the stable. The fact is, fresh manure is like corned beef and cabbage—very hearty food, but requiring a strong stomach. Annuals of moderate growth, like something easier of digestion. As all old gardeners know by this constant trial, you can no more beat the value of rotted manure out of their heads than you can make an elder bush bear white berries by scolding it.

It is quite wonderful what a passion some men have for what they call pruning trees, and what I call murdering them by inches. Only put a knife or saw into their hands, and a tree before them, and you will see that it is only because they were not born Calliphs of Bagdad, that their neighbors have any heads left on their shoulders. Gardeners from the "old country"—especially all such as have served their time behind a wheelbarrow, are mighty fond of this sort of thing. One of these "gentlemen" was lopping off the outer edge of the natural ways of a fine linen tree lately. When he was cross-questioned a little as to what he was about, minding the tree in that manner, he replied, "Bliss yer sowl! I'm only a little the hair until it!" But, in fact, many a better gardener than this Paddy—many a man who has done as good things in the gardening way in Great Britain, as can be done anywhere in the world—is placed in the same awkward fix when he comes into a country with a lot, hot climate like the United States. All his life long he has been busy learning how to "let the air in" to the top, and keep the wet away from the roots, till it is a second nature to him, and he finds it almost impossible to adopt just the contrary practice when he gets to America, as it is for a Polar bear to lay aside his long, white, furry coat, and walk about like a tropical gentleman in his natural nankeen pantaloons and waistcoat.

He cuts away at his trees to let in the sun, and raises up his flower beds to drain off the wet, and when it is just the very sun and drought that we have too much of. No man can be a good gardener who will not listen to reason, and in a country where nature evidently meant leaves for umbrellas, take care how you snap your fingers at her, by pruning without mercy, and "letting the hair in!"

If you find some of your transplanted trees flagging, and looking as if they were going to say good-bye to you, don't imagine you can save them by pouring manure water about their roots. You might as well give a man nearly dead with debility and starvation, as much plum pudding as he could make a meal of. The best thing you can do is, first to reduce the top little more of a good deal more if needful, for the difficulty most probably is, that we have more top to exhaust than root to supply. Then loosen the soil, and water it if dry, and lastly, mulch the ground as far as the roots extend. This you may do by covering it with three or four inches of straw, litter, tan-bark, or something of that sort, to keep the roots cool and moist, so as to coax them into new growth. Watering a transplanted tree every day, and letting the surface dry hard with the sun and the wind, is too much like basting a joint of meat before the kitchen fire, to be looked upon as decent treatment for anything living. If your tree is something rare and curious, and if you are afraid will die, and would not lose for the world, and yet that won't start out, in spite of all your wishes, syringe the bark once every night after sunset. This will freshen it, and make the dormant buds shoot out.

If you find any of your fruit trees barren, from too great running to wood, about the first of June is the time to shorten back the long shoots, and clip or pinch off the ends of the side shoots, so as to force the tree to expend its substance in making fruit buds, instead of wasting every bit of sap in overgrowth.

Make war upon insects all this month, and especially at the end of it, as if they were the chief duty of man to destroy them, (there is no doubt about its being the chief duty of the gardener.) Tobacco water is your main weapon, and with a syringe or a hand-engine, you can, if you take them in time, carry such slaughter into the enemy's camp, as would alarm the peace society, if there is one among these creeping things. Slugs on rose bushes, or the green fly on plants, will make their appearance by thousands and

tens of thousands, as the weather gets hot and the nights summery. The time to open your light artillery upon the "enemy," is very early in the morning, or just after sundown—the latter the better time, by all odds. Find out whether they "roost" on the under or upper side of the leaves, or nibble away at the tender points of the shoots, and shower them to the tune of "Old Virginia"—i. e., strong tobacco water. If your plant is of a delicate substance, mind, however, that you don't give it a fainting fit, as well as the vermin. Always make the tobacco water by mixing some rain with it for such plants, and, if you have had no experience in the matter, dilute and use some on a single plant before you undertake your whole border. After half a day, you can tell how it works, and act accordingly. What you want is, just strength enough to kill the insect, and not enough to injure the young leaves.

ARE SOAPSUDS BENEFICIAL?

[The following article, we take from the "London Field." Our readers should remember, in reading all articles from English agricultural journals, that the English climate is a moist one, and not generally hot and dry through the summer months, like ours. In their gardening, they have to guard against too much cold and wet—while we have to guard against too much heat and dryness.—Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.]

A correspondent asks "whether soapsuds are beneficial to rhubarb, or any other fruits and vegetables?" He then informs us that he "applied the soapsuds plentifully for a continuance, and through a winter, to the wall-fruit trees, and thought that they suffered much, the ends of the branches dying. The soda in the suds was blamed, but he knows not with what reason." This is a very suggestive letter, and it will furnish us an occasion of saying a few words on the use and abuse of liquid manure in general, in addition to the information we are able to give our correspondent.

Now soapsuds are in themselves a valuable manure. Dr. Lindley says of them, in his *Theory of Horticulture*, 1855, p. 555: "Soapsuds have an undoubted value, because of their potash, irrespective of the animal matter they contain. Upon cabbages, cauliflowers, and all the Brassicaceous race they produce an immediate and very advantageous effect." Dr. Lindley afterwards says, on the same page, "Soda is regarded by Liebig and others as a natural equivalent for potash;" so that our correspondent is answered as to the supposed injury done by it to his trees. That strong solutions of soda would do harm cannot be denied; but the quantity likely to be in the soapsuds of an ordinary washing in a family, must be pronounced decidedly beneficial.

We have ourselves, for some years, used all the suds brought out of the bedrooms as liquid manure, with the best possible result in more ways than one. When thrown down drains, or into cesspools, these suds generate unpleasant vapors, and help to increase those accumulations of offensive materials which every household should reduce to the lowest possible quantity. These suds, with ourselves, are put outside the kitchen door in large waterpots, kept for the purpose, and are then applied by the gardener as wanted. During the winter these liquids were poured on the grass of the orchard, which now tells to an inch where the fertilizer has been applied, in the greater richness of the grass. Just now they are being poured to the roots of the Soakale and Rhubarb, and, occasionally, to the growing Roses. Throughout the summer we use them for almost anything in the garden which we think require stimulating, and we always wish they were more abundant. We have seen the good effects of the suds in hundreds of cases, and cannot remember an instance of their being injurious.

But now the question arises, Were our correspondent's trees injured by the application of the soapsuds, as he supposes? They were; but not by the soda or any other matter contained in them, but by the wet crude material conveyed to the roots of the trees when in a quiescent state. Liquid manure should only be applied when the vegetable is active, so that the plant may be able to turn to its nutriment what is thus furnished to the roots. In winter the roots of trees cannot well be kept too dry; and the object of draining land is that which our correspondent did all he could to counteract when he poured suds to the roots of his trees in winter. We must observe further, that we cannot conceive that wall-trees often need stimulating manures; on the contrary, the difficulty with them generally is to keep down the tendency to form too much wood. But, if manure is required, it must be applied when all the powers of vegetation are active, and when the tree can assimilate to itself the various foreign bodies supplied for it to feed upon.

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HORTICULTURAL HINTS.

Crops of Garden Vegetables will soon come forward rapidly, and nothing will contribute more to their vigorous and successful growth than preserving a clean and perfectly mellow soil about them. Mulching with tan, sawdust and peat, sometimes found so advantageous, may be superseded by mulching with finely pulverized earth. But, unlike sawdust, tan, and peat, it is not necessary to bring pulverized earth from a distance; all that is needed is to manufacture it on the spot where required, by the use of the spade, rake and hoe.

Transplanting Cabbages may be successfully performed, even in dry weather, by dipping the roots into thick mud before setting out. Wrapping a roll of stiff paper (previously oiled with better and more durable) around each stem, so as to cover it an inch or two below and above the surface of the earth, will effectually exclude the grub.

Irrigation with liquid manure, or even simply with water, will greatly accelerate the growth of many vegetables. Radishes are much improved by freely watering. Strawberries have been doubled in size, and raspberries much increased.

Young Budded and Grafted Trees will require early attention in rubbing off the shoots that spring up from the stocks; and young transplanted fruit trees, for gardens and orchards, should have useless shoots taken off, and long ones pinched back, so as to form regular symmetrical heads.

Thinning Fruit on Trees may seem like a very unnecessary operation, after the past two or three intensely severe winters, which in many places left little for thinning. But there are some trees, and in some places, which are heavily set this year, and in order to have good, well-grown, and well-ripened fruit, and to prevent an improper exhaustion of the tree, they should not be permitted to overbear. We are not sure that the unfavorable seasons which have lately occurred, have not, on the whole, proved a benefit to orchardists, by allowing their trees to recover from the effects of hard cropping. One of the easiest ways of thinning the fruit, is to thin out the bearing shoots, and this is especially the case with peaches; it should be done in spring, but is not too late even after the trees are in leaf. Another evil of overbearing is a glutted market one year, and a scarcity the next, which might be prevented at least in part by lessening the amount in abundant seasons.

Mulching should not be forgotten. It should be performed as soon as the hot dry weather approaches. It is especially useful to such fruit trees as cannot be kept well and constantly cultivated, such, for instance, as stand in grass land, or along boundaries. As often as it is performed, it is not complete and thorough enough. The litter which forms the mulch should be at least four or five inches thick after packing down, and should form a circle around the tree, at least equal to its height. Cherry trees, set out in the spring, and which commence with a promising growth, often wither and die about midsummer—a disaster which is effectually prevented by timely mulching.

Early examination should be made for the borer in apple trees, wherever it has previously appeared.

Slugs on cherry and other trees may be repelled by dusting them with pulverized or water-slacked lime or ashes, or by showering them briskly with dry sand or powdered earth.

The curculio must be vigilantly watched and destroyed, if good crops of plums, apricots, and nectarines are expected. Among the many proposed remedies, experience has proved the following to be the most convenient and best, namely: the confinement of pigs and poultry among them, which is least laborious, and when the insects are not very numerous, quite successful of itself; jarring (not shaking) down on sheets; and Ellwanger & Barry's process of pounding the earth smooth beneath the trees, and sweeping up the fallen punctured fruit daily. The latter is precisely similar in mode to the first, and has the advantage of application to places where animals cannot be turned. Where the insects are abundant, two or three remedies combined become necessary.

Diswater and Soapsuds, instead of being appropriated to the formation of an interesting puddle at the kitchen door, should be poured at the roots of young fruit-trees, raspberry and currant bushes, and will accelerate their growth and augment the size of the fruit.—Country Gentleman.

BULLS VS. HORSES.—Elliott's History of New England, says that horses were once scarce in New England:

"It was a country for cattle rather than horses, and it seems to have been a not uncommon thing to ride on bulls. When John Alden went to Cape Cod, to marry Priscilla Mullins, he covered his bull with broadcloth, and rode on his back; when he returned he placed his wife there, and let the bull home by the ring in his nose. It is told that Alden at first went to ask the hand of Priscilla for his friend Miles Standish. The father referred him to the daughter, who listened with attention; but, fixing her eyes on Alden's handsome face, she said, 'Prithen, John, why do you not speak for yourself?' The consequence was, that some time after, Priscilla rode home upon John's bull."

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